

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 788

JAN. 3, 1885

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, JAN 3, 1885

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

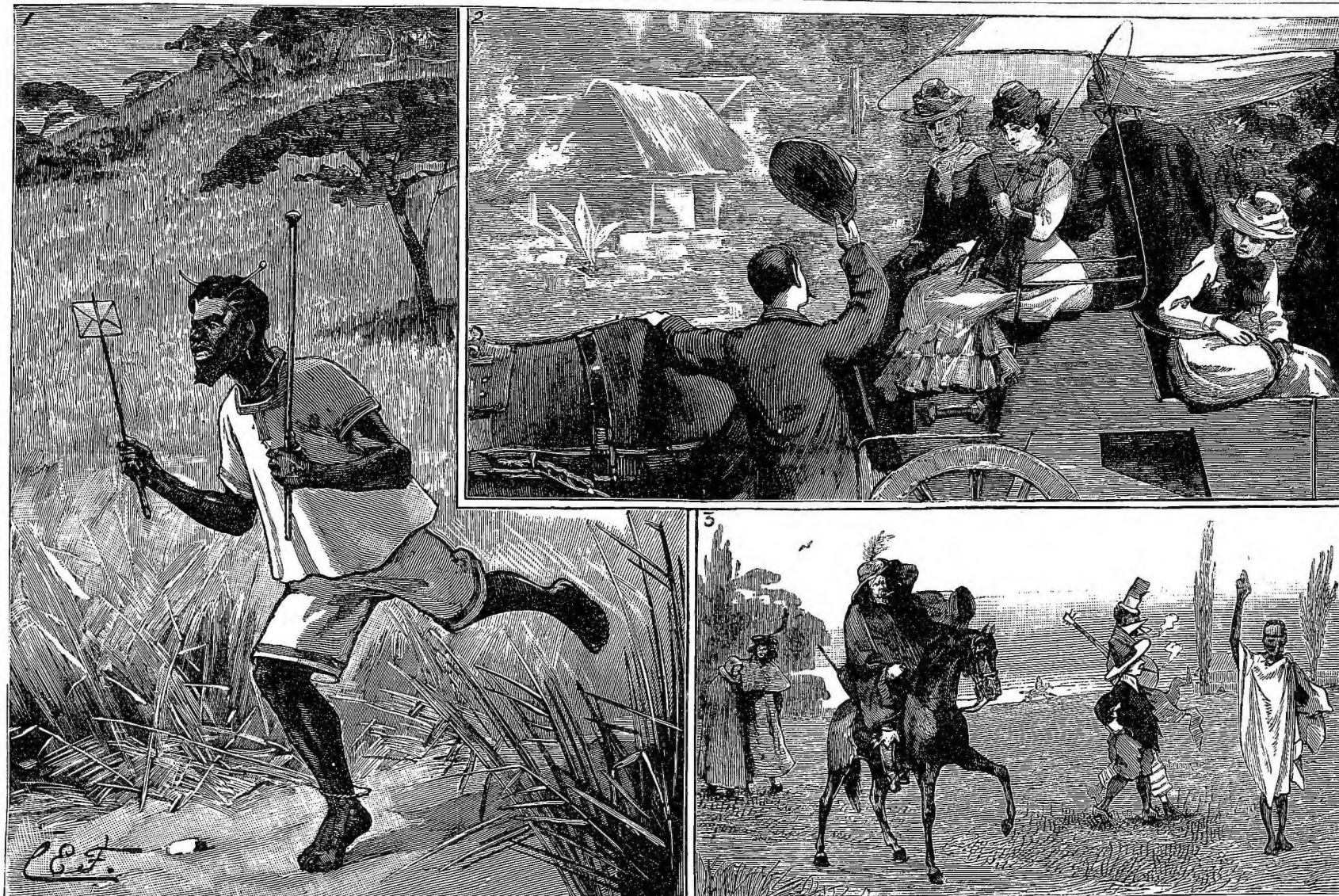
No. 788.—VOL. XXXI.
Registered as a Newspaper

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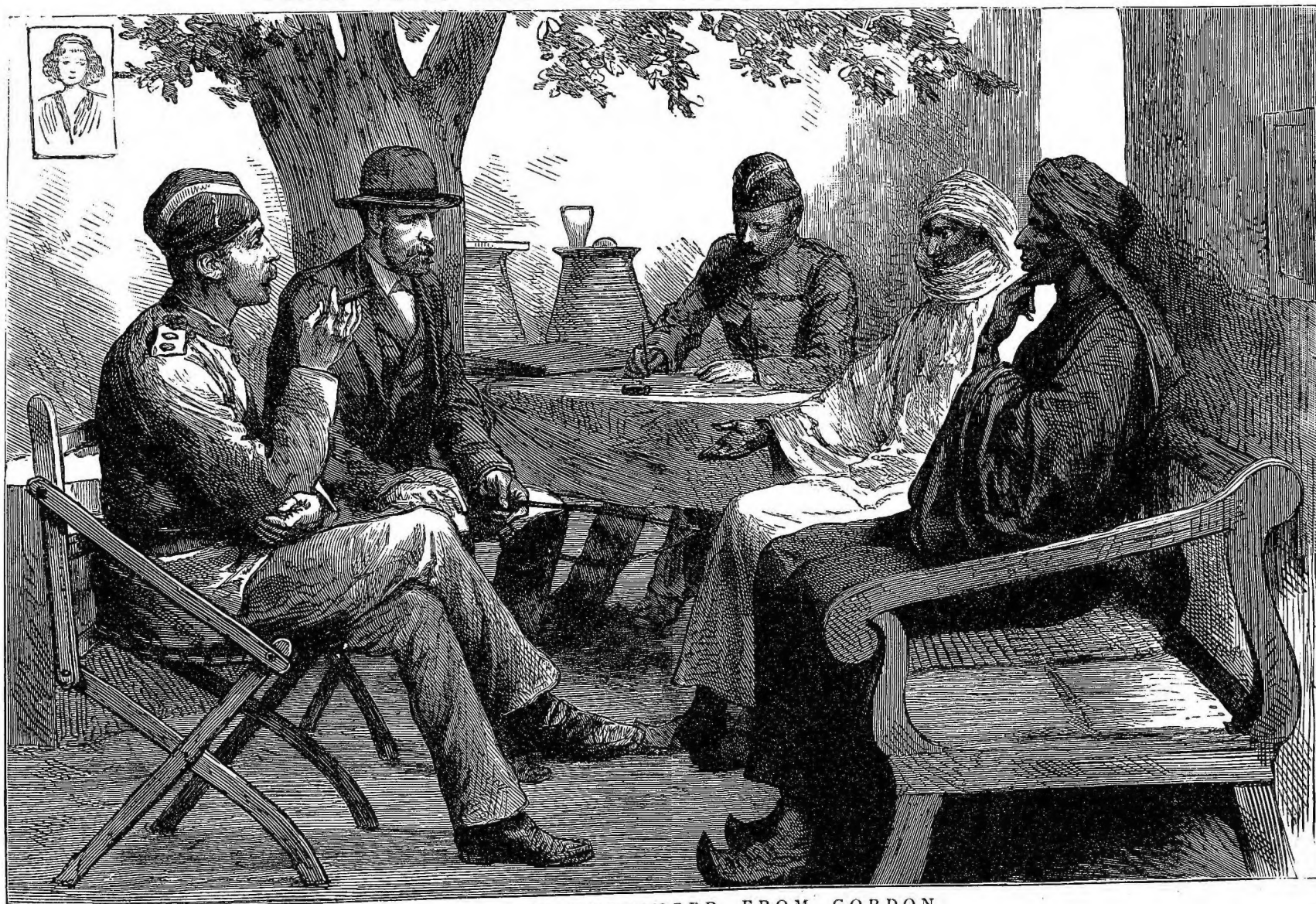
SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. How the Invitations Were Sent Out.—2. Friends from a Distance.—3. Going Home.
FANCY DRESS BALL AT ESTCOURT, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA



THE LAST MESSENGER FROM GORDON
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION
Sir Charles Wilson, Major Slade, and Mr. Vandyke, of the Intelligence Department, are Examining the Bedouin sent from Khartoum by General Gordon. The Messenger is saying :
"Gordon Pasha then fired Twenty-one Guns in his joy at the approach of the British Army."

Topics of the Week

LORD WOLSELEY'S PLANS.—We are now approaching the time when we may expect to hear decisive news from Khartoum, for on Tuesday Sir Herbert Stewart actually began his march from Korti into the desert. He makes in the first instance for Gakdul, which is about half-way between Korti and Shendy. At Gakdul, where there are good wells, about four hundred of his men will entrench themselves. The others will return to Korti, and from that place conduct to Gakdul the remainder of the troops who are to take part in Sir Herbert Stewart's expedition. The whole of this force will then march to Shendy, whence they will proceed directly to Khartoum. At the same time another force, under General Earle, will advance towards Abou Hamad, avenging on the way the murder of Colonel Stewart. From Abou Hamad General Earle will go to Berber, but not until he has opened communications with Korosko—a truly formidable undertaking, since the distance across the desert between Abou Hamad and Korosko is about twice as great as that between Korti and Shendy. It is not very easy to understand why, if all this marching in the desert can be safely accomplished, the Nile route was preferred to the route between Suakim and Berber. Now, however, that the final movements are being made, the public are not disposed to think much about this aspect of the matter. They are interested only in the question whether Lord Wolseley's success is likely to be as brilliant as it has been in all the expeditions he has hitherto directed. Unfortunately, we know very little of the difficulties with which he will have to contend, for the most contradictory rumours are current as to the strength of the Mahdi's army. According to some authorities, the "rebels" were never more powerful than they are at present; according to others, they have for some time had the utmost difficulty in maintaining their position before Khartoum. However this may be, the country has perfect trust in Lord Wolseley's discretion, and it awaits with confidence the further development of his plans.

PRINCESS BEATRICE.—English Royalty possesses this peculiar and perhaps enviable privilege, that its joys and sorrows are shared by the whole community. Among the softer sex, at all events, there was a gentle flutter of excitement when it was announced on Wednesday morning that that the youngest of the Queen's daughters, and the only remaining spinster among them, was engaged to be married to Prince Henry of Battenberg. To be married is, or ought to be, the natural vocation of every woman, and the world in general will feel especially inclined to congratulate the Princess Beatrice on her approaching change of condition because of the devotion which she has shown towards her widowed mother. In such a case one naturally turns to the feelings which this event arouses in the mother herself. Her Majesty, although the mother of a large family, sees comparatively little of her daughters, because they are married and scattered abroad, and it would, in her lonely condition, be a severe wrench altogether to lose her last and youngest, her constant companion for so many years. It is therefore but natural that Her Majesty should stipulate that the severance caused by the marriage should be as slight as possible, and that Prince Henry and his bride should take up their abode so near at hand that the Queen may feel that, in gaining another son-in-law, she has not altogether lost her daughter. We heartily wish the Bride and Bridegroom-elect a Happy New Year.

THE NEW LUNACY BILL.—The draft of the proposed Lunacy Bill which has been published contains many excellent clauses. A much-needed reform will have been accomplished when certificates of lunacy shall be countersigned by magistrates; and many abuses will vanish from private asylums when the law has fixed the maximum which the conductors of these places may receive for keeping a patient. Few people can imagine how desirable it is to enact such a limitation. It often happens that 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year is paid by the relatives of a lunatic on the understanding that he shall have two private rooms, separate meals, and two servants; but unless the patient can look after his own interests he is likely to get very little of what has been agreed upon. If he be wholly demented and yet not so dangerous as to require constant watching, he may live by day in a common room and garden and be stowed away at night in a garret; he may take his meals—very coarse meals, no better than the fare of the worst boys' schools—with other lunatics; and he may have no private attendants. His friends when they come to visit him cannot pounce upon him unawares, and detect that he is ill cared for. There is always time to dress up the poor fellow decently, to locate him in good rooms, and to tell off a couple of servants to attend upon him; so that the friends go away satisfied by what they have seen. The maximum of 6*l.* a week which it is proposed to fix is ample, considering how very plain the fare of a lunatic must always be, and considering also that wine is charged for as an extra. The only fault in the new Bill is that it provides for no more than two annual inspections of private houses. Visiting justices go the round of every prison once a fortnight. Asylum doctors naturally pretend that too frequent inspections would excite their patients; but

this is nonsense. Hospital patients are not excited by the daily visits of a doctor accompanied by a dozen or more students. Inspections can be managed so as not to excite.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND MR. GLADSTONE.—There has been much talk lately about Prince Bismarck's dislike for Mr. Gladstone, and it is probable enough that the German Chancellor has little love for the English Prime Minister. In all Europe there can hardly be two men more utterly unlike one another; and Prince Bismarck, who is a good hater, has never shown much disposition to appreciate the character or the achievements of those whose aims are altogether different from his own. There can be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone seems to him to be a mere sentimentalist; and of all qualities sentimentalism is the one for which he has the deepest contempt. Whatever may be Prince Bismarck's opinion of Mr. Gladstone, however, there is not the faintest reason for supposing that it has in any way influenced his policy. As a statesman, Prince Bismarck has but one object—to make the German Empire secure and prosperous; and he would be as ready to act with Mr. Gladstone as with M. Ferry if he thought that Mr. Gladstone was able and willing to promote German interests. It is well known that when Lord Beaconsfield was in office the German Chancellor was most anxious to establish intimate relations between his own country and England; and his efforts in this direction were not relaxed for some time after the Liberals came into power. Had he been met in a friendly spirit, England would have had few formidable difficulties to overcome in Egypt; and the results of her foreign policy generally would have been very different from those which she has now to contemplate. But Mr. Gladstone disliked the idea of an Anglo-German Alliance; he preferred to cultivate a good understanding with France and Russia. Prince Bismarck, therefore, had no alternative but to compete with his English rival for the friendship of these two Powers; and he has done so, as might have been anticipated, with masterly skill and foresight. It is childish to attribute his action to personal pique. He has been guided all along by perfectly fair motives, and the only regret of Englishmen in the matter ought to be that their own foreign affairs have not been controlled by a statesman of equal energy and discretion.

COLONIAL PROSPECTS FOR 1885.—Thanks chiefly to the extraordinary incapacity of our administrators, these prospects are not very bright. We have an Empire far exceeding in extent and genuine grandeur that of the Romans, yet at the present moment we run no small risk of losing the greater part of it. India—if India may be called a colony—is threatened on the north by Russian intrigues, on the east by French intrigues, and, throughout the Peninsula generally, by the racial animosities which were blown into a flame during Lord Ripon's unfortunate Viceroyalty. In Australia there is a larger population now than there was in the thirteen American colonies on the eve of the War of Independence, and our Government has grievously offended them by its sluggishness and timidity regarding the New Guinea and Pacific Islands question. South Africa is perennially troublesome; and it is likely to become more troublesome than before with the two Boer Republics amalgamated into one, and the German flag flying on either coast, at Angra Pequena and Delagoa Bay. The difficulty in the near future will not so much be with the blacks as with the whites. Will the majority of the latter be content to remain English subjects? Low prices of produce and labour-difficulties make the West Indies discontented, and even they show signs of desiring to barter their British birthright in exchange for a mess of pottage in the form of a convention with the United States. The part of the colonial atmosphere which is freest from cloud is British North America, yet even there there are dangers. There is a powerful neighbour to the south who is always saying, "Why not join us, or at least assert your independence, and so cut yourself adrift from any European complications in which the mother country may involve you." Such being the threatening aspect of colonial affairs, we cannot but regret that Lord Derby is not—as rumour asserted—about to retire from the Colonial Office. Lord Rosebery would be a better man for this post—he has seen the colonies with his own eyes, he is imbued with modern ideas; whereas Lord Derby belongs to that school of politicians (now happily dying out) which regards colonies as troublesome incumbrances.

CARDS AND VALENTINES.—It is of not much use for the Post Office to issue notices requesting the public to post their Christmas cards or their valentines early, unless some inducement to do this is offered. Senders want their friends to receive Christmas cards on the 25th December, and valentines on the 14th February, and the Post Office should endeavour to meet this wish by promising that if the missives be posted early they shall not be delivered till the appointed days. This could be managed without much difficulty, for it is the labour of sorting and not the distribution which brings the strain upon the Post Office. On the other hand, the public ought to assist the Post by using only envelopes of a special kind for their cards. Surely the designers of cards might invent envelopes which, coming into general use, would enable the Post Office sorters to separate cards from ordinary letters, and so ensure the regular and punctual distribution of the latter. As the fashion of sending anniversary cards is rather

increasing than abating it becomes the more urgent that there should be no interference with ordinary correspondence—and this especially at Christmas, when such enormous sums of money and so many important documents of all kinds are passing through the Post. However, it is only fair to add that the Post did its work this Christmas, as on other occasions, very well; and it is satisfactory to note that the public have almost ceased from that once common but most objectionable practice, of offering drink to postmen on Christmas Day.

DISESTABLISHMENT.—The Nonconformists are evidently preparing to assail with vigour the Established Churches of England and Scotland. At the General Election they may not make the question a "test question;" but in every other way they will do what they can to add to the number of those Members of Parliament who advocate Disestablishment. In these days it would be foolish to assert that they are engaged in a hopeless undertaking, for no one can tell what will be the mood of the new constituencies. At the same time, it is certain that the Established Churches are stronger now than they have been at any time during the life of the present generation. The Church of Scotland has become remarkable for its toleration, its respect for learning, and its zeal; and it has thus been able to attract from all classes large numbers of adherents who would formerly have preferred to remain in communion with one or other of the rival sects. Of the Church of England it is unnecessary to say anything, for all the world recognises that it is by far the most energetic and efficient ecclesiastical body in the United Kingdom. Why should such Churches as these be deprived of their privileges? It can hardly be pretended that their connection with the State does any harm to Dissenters; and it is at least doubtful whether they would exert so good an influence if they were disestablished and disendowed. One important element in the controversy is that an increasing number of persons who do not belong in the ordinary sense to either of the Established Churches have no sympathy with the Nonconformists. They hold that the true way of dealing both with the English and with the Scottish Church is, not to cut them adrift from the State, but to make them more comprehensive, so that the benefits they are capable of conferring may be accessible to the whole nation. This scheme may prove to be impracticable; but we are likely to hear a good deal about it from some prominent Liberals if the Nonconformists succeed in making the question of Disestablishment one of the foremost subjects of political discussion.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.—During the past year the Latin countries of Europe have suffered from calamities from which their northern neighbours have been free. Italy and the South of France have been scourged with cholera, and in the latter country the metropolis was visited by a brief but very virulent outbreak. The loss in life was considerable; the loss in money, owing to the restrictions on trade imposed by vexatious and useless quarantine regulations, and the scaring away of tourists, greater still. Spain suffered less severely; the eastern side of the peninsula only was affected by cholera, and there the deaths were comparatively few. But now a fresh calamity has befallen the ancient kingdom. On Christmas Day an earthquake, exceeding in violence anything known in that quarter of the world since the Lisbon catastrophe, visited the south-west corner of Spain, and more than a thousand lives have been lost. Earthquakes are especially terrible, because there is no remedy against them, except the practical one resorted to in regular earthquake regions of building houses very solidly and only one storey high. A time may come when scientific people will be able to foretell the approach of an earthquake; but we feel sceptical about such a possibility. Our weather forecasts are confessedly very doubtful; how much more doubtful the forecasts of phenomena which may happen but once in several centuries? Our ancestors associated earthquakes and pestilences together. It is rather remarkable that the cholera reappeared in Europe during a period of wide-spread terrestrial convulsion.

CLOWN AND PANTALON.—Pantomime is not dying because Drury Lane is alone among the leading theatres in bringing out one this year. There will be a revival, and the pantomime of the future will no doubt return to the old plan of making the extravaganza short and clear; and the harlequinade long. Children, like grown-up people, must understand a piece before they can enjoy it; but it is really difficult to follow the plot of an old nursery story through the maze of gorgeous spectacular scenes, ballets, and processions which are now customary, and which cost enterprising managers so dear. A harlequinade is not expensive to mount, and it always pleases the young folk. Clown and Pantaloon will ever be firm favourites. The butter slide, the string of sausages stolen off the butcher's tray, the policeman who crashes through a hairdresser's window, the bags of flour, the big bottles that pop like cannon, the fat man who is pummelled with rolling-pins, the lean one who gets lathered with blacking—all these things will make boys and girls laugh so long as there is a laugh in them. It is not so sure that they laugh over the bewildering magnificence of the extravaganza. One grand transformation scene used to be considered enough, and if a long series of such scenes causes the little people only to blink and smother their yawns, the purpose of pantomime is not quite fulfilled.

CROFTERS.—The agitation among the crofters is rapidly spreading, and there are many signs that it will cause much more serious trouble than was anticipated even quite recently. It is no longer confined to districts in which the crofters have been harshly dealt with. In Benbecula, South Uist, and Barra they have been treated with extraordinary kindness by Lady Gordon Cathcart; yet there is not less discontent in these islands than in Skye. In South Uist she has lately received hardly any rent; and the refusal of her tenants to meet their obligations has rendered it impossible for her to continue the efforts which she has for many years made for their benefit. The state of affairs in the Highlands is as unsatisfactory as that in the islands. The other day the Duke of Sutherland offered more land to the crofters on one of his estates; but he did so on condition that the land should not be subdivided. This gave much offence, and at a meeting of those to whom the proposal was made an orator went so far as to declare that "he did not think there was ever a more diabolical plot hatched out of hell." "It was," he added, "like Pharaoh, King of Egypt, plotting to destroy the children of Israel." The truth seems to be that the crofters are misunderstanding the meaning of the sympathy which their grievances have excited. They are evidently beginning to fancy that they will get whatever they choose to ask; and the chances are that their claims will soon be as extravagant as those of the most unreasonable class of Irish tenants. Had the Government dealt with the question at the proper time, a peaceful and perfectly satisfactory settlement might have been effected; but, as usual, action was postponed to a more convenient season, and now it is doubtful whether the movement will be stopped by any measure that Parliament can be expected to accept.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—It is our nature to be selfish, self-interested creatures, and therefore, as regards accidents and other calamities, a small matter, if it touches us nearly, affects us much more strongly than a large matter in which we have little or no concern. Those Londoners who travel daily by the Midland line were on Tuesday morning more profoundly impressed by the news of the accident on the previous night at St. Paul's Junction than by the account of the calamitous earthquake in Andalusia. The accident thus far has only resulted in the loss of one life, but it is nevertheless of a very disquieting character, for had the Great Eastern train travelled but a few yards further, the Midland train would have struck, not the engine, which from its solid structure was better able to resist the shock, but the carriages crowded with passengers, and a terrible slaughter must have resulted. The wonder is that accidents of this sort have not oftener happened on the various metropolitan railways. There are numerous places where one set of rails converges with another set of rails, and where consequently, if the vigilance of the signalman is relaxed, there is a constant risk of such a disaster as that which happened on Monday evening. These junctions, too, are not always in the open air, but buried in tunnels, which during the winter are liable to be filled with fog. It may, therefore, be reasonably suspected that railway passengers, oftener than they usually suppose, are saved from an accident more, as the old proverb has it, "by good luck than by good management." Is there any safeguard? There is the obvious safeguard that railway servants should not be rendered careless by the fatigue induced by overwork (we do not make any such accusation in the present case). This accident also shows the imperative necessity of additional independent lines of railway within the metropolitan area, so as to avoid the necessity of two or more companies using the same rails. We hope, in considering the schemes which will be brought forward in February, Parliament will not listen to the outcry of a few noisy individuals who care more for their own personal convenience than for the welfare of the public. This is how the Parks Railway was buried.

PROTECTION OF COPYRIGHT.—The Association which has been founded for the protection of Literary and Artistic Copyright may do a great deal of good. There is not only the old question of American piracies to tackle, but that of Continental piracies, which are quite as impudent. A favourite trick of the Continental purloiner is to ask leave to translate, promising to pay a certain sum. He obtains leave, brings out his translation, but does not pay; meanwhile the author has debarré himself from treating with a more honest translator, and the first applicant is able to secure copyright of the stolen work for himself in his own country. There are foreigners who make it a regular business to write to English authors of successful books, though it is impossible that they can use all the permissions which they obtain. Few, however, carry on their depredations with such delightful effrontery as a Senor Lopez Bago, of Madrid, who, according to the *Temps*, has just been victimising M. Alphonse Daudet. Not content with translating M. Daudet's last novel without permission, Senor Bago, it is said, composed, in guise of preface, an affable letter purporting to have been written to him by M. Daudet. In this letter M. Daudet was made to declare that he had the highest admiration for Senor Bago's talents and the greatest esteem for his character—that he had read that gentleman's first novel, and was looking forward with impatience to the next; and finally, that he remained Senor B.'s "sincere friend." Senor Bago might at least have sent the author of "Sapho" a hamper of Spanish wine; like that Swedish publisher who translated Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia" without leave, and, being

detected in his illicit publication by the author himself, who happened to be at Stockholm, honestly offered a dozen of "Kummel" by way of atonement.

ICE PERILS.—As the average temperature of the coldest month in the year in this country is from four to six degrees above the freezing-point, ice which will bear skaters is comparatively a rarity. Many persons, for example, who are devoted to skating, have not put a foot upon ice between the early part of 1881 and the present time. It is just because the opportunities for it come so seldom that young persons are so enthusiastic about skating. Boys begin to polish up their skates, and to dream by night of doing the outside edge almost before Candlemas is over. Then as soon as ever there come two or three successive nights of frost, and a rumour spreads abroad that such-and-such a pond will bear, off they go, skates in hand. Alas! it is then that the tragedies begin which every winter make so many sad hearts. "The ice will bear" is a most ambiguous expression. It may bear a single person swiftly and skillfully gliding over it, but if two or three get together, or still worse, if a collision should ensue, a terrible crack is heard, and down go the unfortunates in deep water. A man may be an excellent swimmer, and yet drown in such a case. Not only is he hindered by his clothes, his skates, and by the chilly water, but he soon learns that ice may be brittle enough to let one through, and yet be too thick to be broken from below when the victim gets underneath it, and is out of his depth. Within the last few days, during the wintry spell which the North of England has enjoyed, more than ten young people have lost their lives. Surely local effort might do more to prevent such disasters. The expense would be very trifling if, as soon as a frost set in, all deep ponds, accessible to the public, were confided to an able-bodied custodian, provided with a stout cord or two and a hooked pole.



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. *HAMLET* Every Evening at 7.45. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crauford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Elliott, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, & M. Leighton. Doors open 7.15. Carriages at 7.15. Box Office 8.30 till 5. No fees. Matinees this day (Saturday), and Saturday next, January 10. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. *On Boxing Day* at 12 o'clock, and *Every Evening* at 7. Grand Christmas Pantomime, by Mr. F. Bowyer, entitled *KING KOOKOO*. Mrs. S. Lane, Misses Elsie Phyllis, Lily Wilford, Nellie Davis, Frances Talbot, Kate Floretta, Blanche Ranson, The great G. H. Chirgwin; Messrs. Sam Ranson, Fred Lay, George Lewis, Newbound, Bigwood, Drayton, Laurence, and Tom Lovell. Grand Comic Harlequinade. Morning Performances Saturday, Dec. 27, Monday, Dec. 29, Thursday, Jan. 1, and *Every Monday* at 1 o'clock, to which Children half-price under Twelve.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mistaid or lost.



A FANCY DRESS BALL IN NATAL

THESE sketches are by Mr. Percy Griffiths, and represent some of the features of a fancy dress ball at Estcourt, Natal, South Africa. First we have a Kaffir messenger carrying out the invitations. He, on foot, is bearing the letter in a cleft stick, and is armed with the assegais which accompany every Kaffir on his walks abroad. Next we have the arrival of the guests in those ungainly but thoroughly substantial vehicles so characteristic of South Africa. Another method of travelling is shown in "Going Home," when a marquis of the eighteenth is careering gaily on a horse of the nineteenth century. About a hundred persons were present, some of whom had come a journey of sixty miles for the occasion.

THE NILE EXPEDITION

A MESSENGER FROM GENERAL GORDON AT DONGOLA

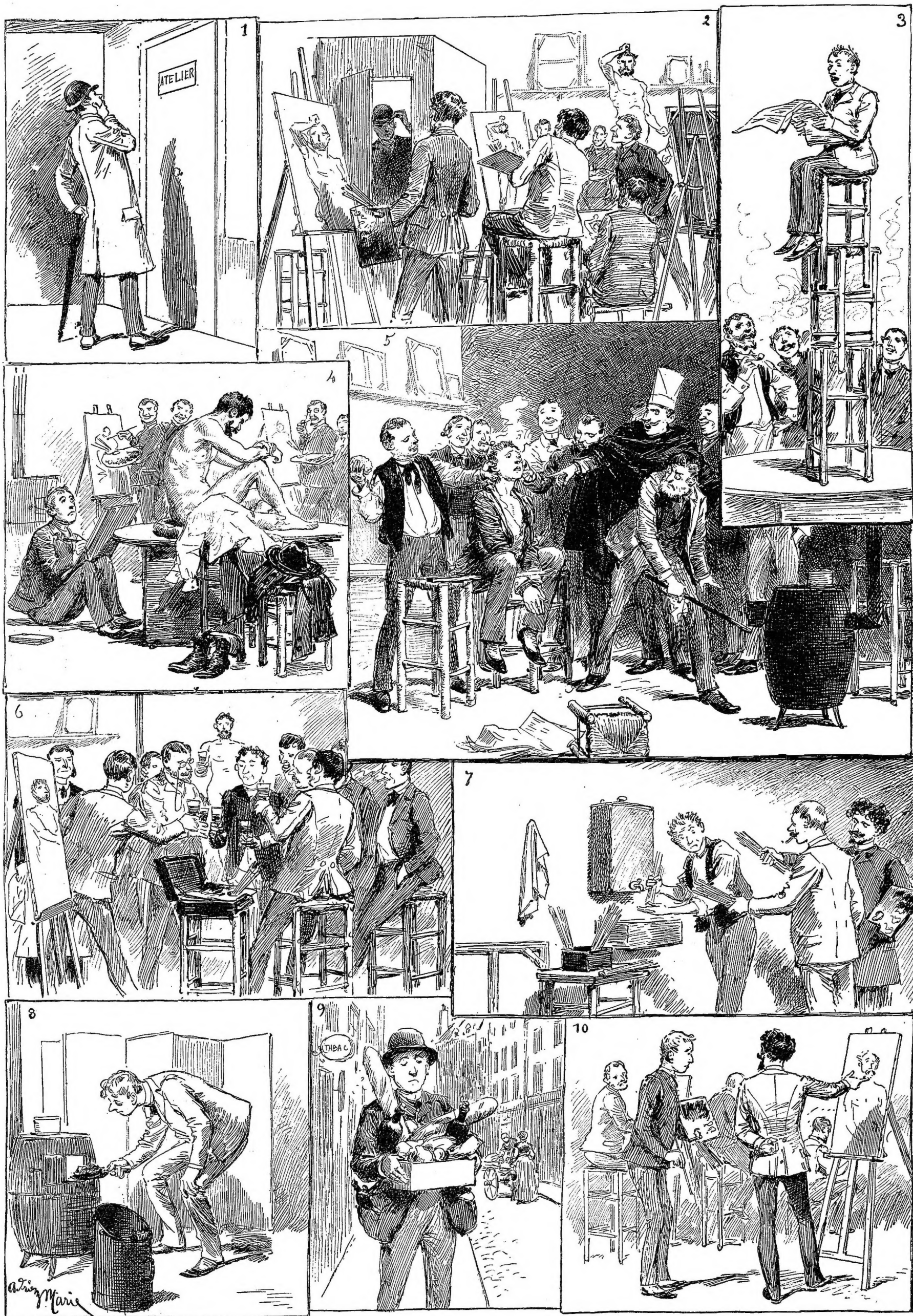
"My sketch," writes our special artist, "represents Sir Charles Wilson, Major Slade, and Mr. Vandyke of the Intelligence Department, examining the Bedouins from the Bayuda Desert, sent from Khartoum by Gordon. The messenger is stating that Gordon Pasha fired twenty-one guns in his joy at receiving the news of the approach of the British army. The messenger had clear-cut features, and is clean shaven, with an expressive countenance and dark bright eyes. He is about twenty years old, and is very daring and plucky."

FROM ASSOUAN TO DONGOLA WITH THE CAMEL CORPS

"MY other sketches show the march of the Camel Corps from Assouan to Dongola. The first shows the start from Sarass, and next is depicted the Life Guards of the Camel Corps taking their camels to water during a halt on the march. This is done every three days, and causes considerable trouble, as the animals are fractious, and afford much sport to their new riders. My large sketch represents a halt by the Camel Corps in the desert. I journeyed with Captain Pigott's company of mounted infantry from Sarass to Dongola across the desert. At least we travelled over the desert during the day, and managed to strike the river at sundown. A mid-day halt in the desert for a short time was necessitated by our early start at five every morning. A camel starting or halting is always a nuisance, and men cannot mount and dismount with that uniformity proverbial to well-drilled cavalry. Camels require more persuading and coaxing to settle down than to get up, and the three distinct motions that beast takes in the act of sitting down are most ungraceful, inelegant, and uncomfortable to the rider. Suddenly pitched forward, and on the verge of quitting his saddle to meet the desert with his nose, the rider is as quickly jerked backward with the second motion, compelling him to clutch tightly the two high pommels of the saddle front and rear. The animal then quickly sinking down into the sand he is able to dismount. My sketch will show how this is done better than I can describe."

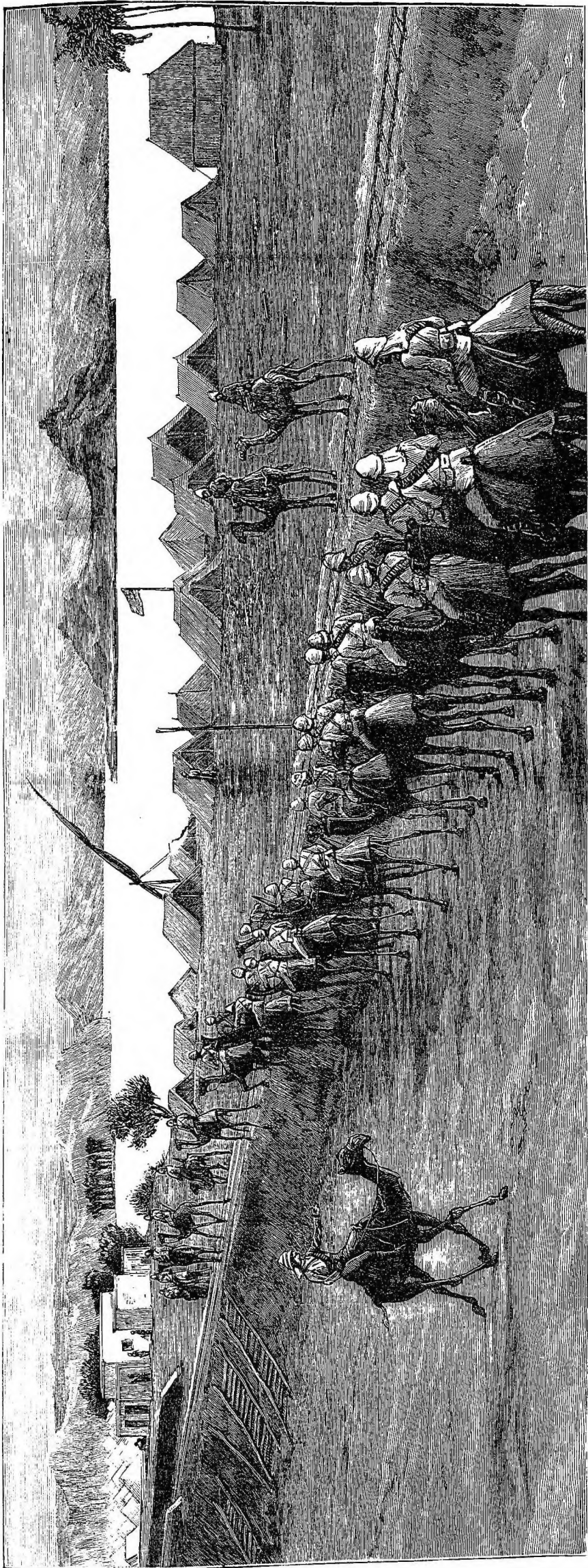
IN A PARIS ART STUDIO

ALL readers of Henri Murger will remember his amusing description of Parisian Art life, with all its ups and downs, its comedies and tragedies, the inherent tendency of the students towards practical jokes, and the touching readiness to help a comrade in sickness or distress. Indeed, in many things the Paris student is not at all unlike the midshipman of Captain Marryat's times, and never more so than in his treatment of a "nouveau," or new-comer in his studio. Having obtained permission from the master of the studio to attend there, the new student finds himself first contemplating it from the outside. This does not much impress him, as a modest inscription, "Atelier," is all that marks this temple of Art. He knocks timidly at the door, however, and, in response to the

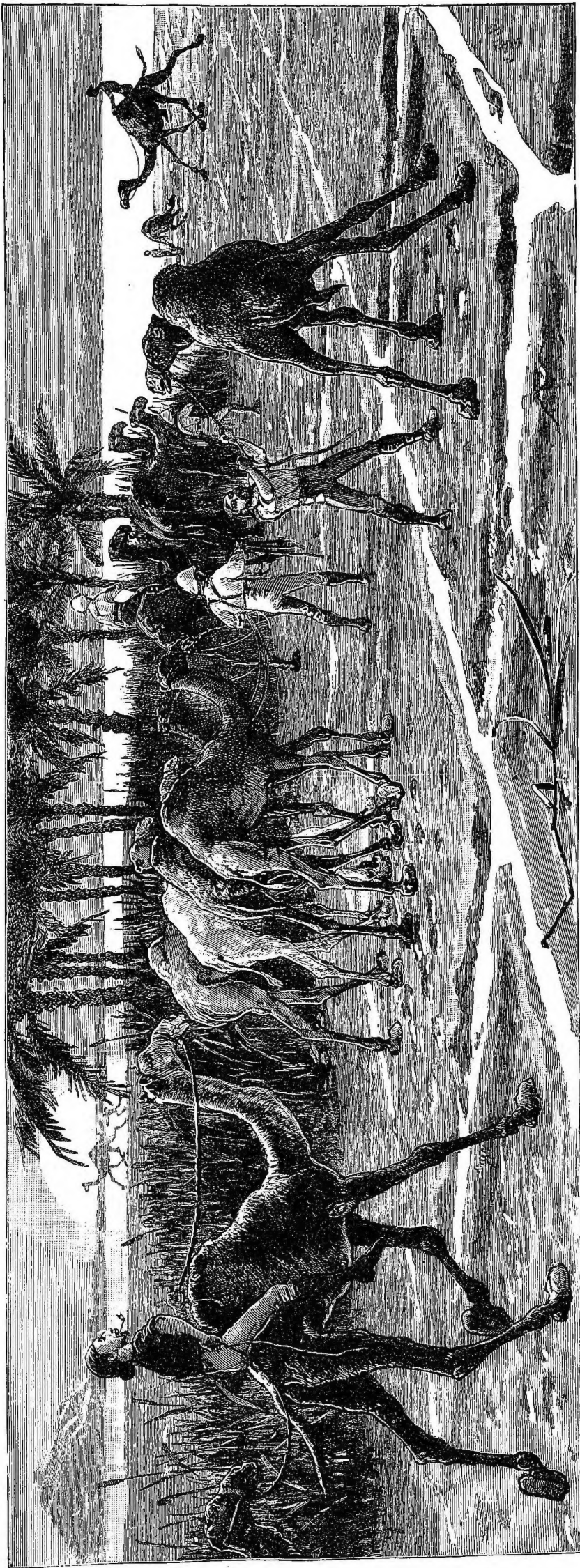


1. Arrival of the New Comer.—2. His Timid Entrance.—3. He is Made to Sing.—4. His First Study of the Model.—5. The Torture of the Hot Iron.—6. Paying His Footing.—7. He Washes All the Brushes.—8. Attends to the Stove.—9. And Executes the Commissions of the Other Students.—10. The "Patron" Visits the Studio.

IN A PARISIAN ART-STUDIO



THE GUARDS' DIVISION OF THE CAMEL CORPS LEAVING SARASS



AN EVENING HALT ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE—THE GUARDS OF THE CAMEL CORPS TAKING THEIR CAMELS TO WATER

WITH THE CAMEL CORPS FROM SARASS TO DONGOLA
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

loud shout of "Entrez!" opens it, to find a score of students of various ages and nationalities painting a nude model with more or less accuracy. The atmosphere of the room is warm and well flavoured with tobacco, while the walls as high as a man can reach are thick with dried paint which generations of students have scraped off their palettes. On intimating that he is a "nouveau" he is soon made aware that he has in various ways to pay his footing. Thus first there is the ceremony of the *sclette*, when he is placed on a perilous tower of chairs, questioned as to his artistic tastes, and compelled to sing excerpts from the morning journal. Next, his new companions inform him that he can only be admitted to the class on condition that he proves his power of sketching the model's back, as shown in the sketch, and then he is told that he must submit to the masonic rite of initiation, popularly known as *la torture*. In this the "nouveau" is carefully trussed, and menaced with branding by a red-hot poker, which, however, is merely coloured with vermilion, and he is let off with the application of a cold sponge. Finally he is requested to regale the studio with a bottle of Vermouth, and, his health being drunk, he is welcomed as a free member of the studio with a heartiness which repays him for all his past pains. His duties as a "nouveau" include buying soft soap for washing the brushes, as he is bound to keep them clean for the whole studio, he is also delegated to look after the stove, while he has to run all kinds of errands. The last sketch represents the first visit of the "patron," or master of the studio, who points out some of the most remarkable faults of the "nouveau's" work.

THE NEW PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND

COLONIAL MINISTRIES are wont to be short-lived, and the political world in New Zealand has recently presented a very kaleidoscopic appearance. It seems that when the members of the Assembly met in Wellington on August 7th, Major Atkinson (the then Premier) decided that he was not strong enough to carry on the Administration. Accordingly, the Governor, Sir W. F. Jervois, called upon Sir Julius Vogel to form a new Ministry. The Cabinet thus formed included the name of the Hon. Robert Stout, whose portrait we here engrave. Presently, however, this Ministry resigned, in consequence of an adverse vote in the debate on the Address. Sundry negotiations followed, a coalition with the Grey party was attempted, and at last Major Atkinson returned to power without Mr. Stout. But on August 29th Mr. Stout proposed a no-confidence motion, which was carried by 43 to 35 votes; and Mr. Stout then undertook to form a new Ministry, and thus far has remained in office. The political crisis has excited great interest in New Zealand, and we learn from an Otago paper that at Dunedin four M.P.'s were burnt in effigy for voting against the Stout-Vogel Ministry.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Clifford and Co., Royal Arcade, Dunedin, N.Z.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

LORD PLUNKET, Bishop of Meath, has been elected by the clergy and laity of the three ancient Dioceses united in the Archbishopric of Dublin, to fill the vacancy just made by the resignation of Dr. Trench.

William Conyngham Plunket, Baron Plunket, of Newton, County Cork, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, was born August 26th, 1828, and succeeded his father in 1871. He entered into holy Orders, and became, as aforesaid, Bishop of Meath. In 1863, he married Anne Lee, only daughter of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., of Ashford, M.P., and sister of Arthur, Lord Ardilaun. By her he has issue, two sons and four daughters.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Chancellor, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

MR. FRANCIS POWER

A RELATIVE of the above gentleman sends us the sketch we reproduce. Mr. Power was a young Irishman who had, from love of adventure, taken part in the Russo-Turkish War as a correspondent, having thrown up service in the Austrian army to do so. Since then he had been connected with journalism. He was a forcible writer, a fluent linguist, and an indefatigable if not very accomplished artist.

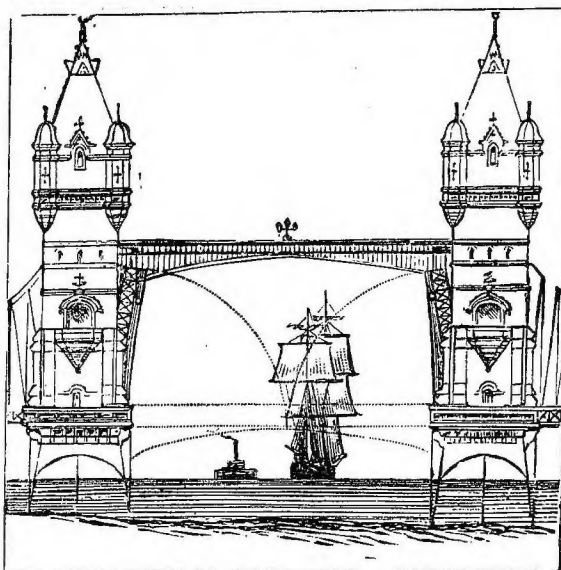
Mr. Power was about twenty-eight years of age, and had been chiefly educated at the Jesuit School, Clongower College. After the Russian-Turkish War he returned to Dublin and sub-edited *Saunders's*, and then came to London with his friend, Edmond O'Donovan. In 1883 he went to the Soudan as Mr. O'Donovan's secretary, and accompanied Hicks Pasha's force from Berber to Khartoum. There, however, he fell ill, and consequently was left behind, thus escaping the massacre at Kashgil. On the receipt of the news of that disaster Mr. Power and Colonel Coetlogon were the only Englishmen left in Khartoum, and Mr. Power was subsequently appointed British Vice-Consul, and remained there until the arrival of General Gordon. During that time he corresponded with the *Times*, and, indeed, the only unofficial intelligence from that beleaguered city which has been received has come from his pen—the short but graphic diary of the five months' siege which appeared in the *Times* of September 29th being his last published contribution. Referring to his journalistic work, the *Times* thus speaks of Mr. Power in a leading article:—"We are proud to pay a tribute to the memory of our brave and ill-fated correspondent, Mr. Power, who, thrown on a sudden into the midst of great events and formidable dangers, showed himself fully equal to the occasion. It must not be forgotten that it was almost exclusively through Mr. Power's despatches published in these columns that England and Europe first of all learnt the details of the disaster which befell Hicks Pasha's army and the triumph of the Mahdi, and the gradual closing of the enemy around Khartoum. Afterwards it was from him we had the graphic and stirring accounts of General Gordon's arrival, and of his energetic efforts to establish order and to keep the hostile tribes around him at bay, of his victories and his misfortunes, of the valour of his Bedouin foes, and the treachery and cowardice of his Turkish and Egyptian troops. Then for a long time the curtain fell. It was lifted for a moment when Mr. Power was enabled to send us his journal of events, as romantic as any recorded in history, which had been happening while Khartoum was cut off for months from the outer world." In the middle of September, as far as we at present know, Mr. Power accompanied Colonel Stewart in his ill-fated voyage down the river from Berber in order, if possible, to establish communication with Lord Wolseley. On her way the steamer struck on a rock in the Monassir country, near Boni, and Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and their companions, landing under the friendly assurances of a treacherous sheik, who promised to lead them across the desert to Merawi, are stated to have been massacred about September 23rd to 28th.

THE PROPOSED NEW TOWER BRIDGE

IN order to reduce the immense amount of traffic that incessantly passes to-and-fro over London Bridge, and to afford greater facilities to the public, the erection of a similar structure below London Bridge, and in close proximity to the Tower, has been advocated. Such a position, at the busiest part of the Thames, necessarily makes the task a difficult one of producing a suitable scheme for a bridge that will not seriously impede river traffic. This difficulty has fairly been overcome by Mr. Horace Jones, Architect to the Corporation of London, whose design we herewith publish, but which is subject to future alterations of a minor character. Its general appearance, as here represented, will doubtless be pre-

served. We understand that the parliamentary plans for the coming session have been lodged by Mr. Horace Jones as architect, and Mr. John Wolfe Barry as engineer.

The design which has been accepted by the Corporation is that of a "bascule" bridge, its total length being 880 feet, and its width between the parapets 50 feet. The distance between the two piers is 200 feet, and at high-tide a waterway of 800 feet is available for river traffic. Each pier is 40 feet wide, and is surmounted by a lofty tower. By means of hydraulic power the centre portion



of the bridge is raised to allow free passage for large vessels. This operation, which will be readily understood by reference to the annexed illustration, will occupy but a few seconds, but the interruption of the bridge traffic thus caused will be greatly obviated by the provision of covered staircases and passenger "lifts" for public service. These will be constructed at either side of the towers, and the traffic will continue along the upper portion of the bridge above the masts and funnels of the "obstructionists."

So far as the civic authorities are concerned, the question of constructing such a bridge has been favourably received and definitely settled, but it is necessary to obtain the sanction of Parliament before the work can be effected. The entire cost of construction is estimated at 750,000*l.*

HYÈRES

HYÈRES, which is a short distance eastward of Toulon, is two and a half miles from the sea, on the sunny side of a mountain rising to the height of 1,312 feet, crowned with the ruins of the castle of the Dukes of Hyères. The streets of the old town are steep, narrow, and ill-paved; but those of the new are broad and handsome, mingled with avenues of palms and terraces overlooking gardens. The boulevards and gardens of the new town form delightful walks for delicate people, and there are many pleasant drives in the neighbourhood. The climate is less stimulating and exciting than that of Cannes and Nice. The average winter temperature is 47.4 Fahrenheit, and the number of rainy days forty.

The English church is remarkable among Continental Anglican churches for its beauty and completeness. It cost 5,000*l.*, 3,000*l.* of which, together with the ground, was generously given by a French resident and proprietor, M. Godillot.

The old castle, alluded to above, was a strong place even in the tenth century. In 1092 it was besieged by the Count of Provence, and again in 1566, during the Wars of the League.

Two miles from the castle, towards the sea, stands the Chapel of Our Lady of the Hermitage, forming a conspicuous landmark.

The new Hotel Continental is a remarkable building, perched in a most picturesque position immediately over the "west end" of the town. The general view from the terrace is very striking, as it includes the whole of the plain of Hyères, with the Mediterranean looking like a lake, and the circle of the celebrated "Golden Islands," beyond.

The view of the town itself taken from the residence of Mr. Henley Chater, on the opposite hill of Costabelle, is scarcely less striking.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mrs. T. D. King-Watts.

CRUISE OF THE YACHT "MARCHESA"

OUR readers may possibly remember the adventurous voyage of the yacht *Marchesa*, Mr. C. T. Kettlewell, to Kamschatka in 1882, of which country we were last year enabled to publish some views from photographs taken by Dr. Guillemand. Coming south in October of the same year, the yacht remained in Japanese waters for four months, and finally left for China in February, 1883, where she refitted and sailed for the Malay Archipelago and New Guinea. Here nearly a year was spent in the exploration of the many beautiful and little-known islands of that portion of the globe, and a magnificent collection of birds and other natural history objects was obtained. Among the former were many species of the Birds of Paradise, some of which reached England alive, and are now to be seen in the Gardens of the Zoological Society, in company with many other birds brought home by Mr. Kettlewell.

The north of Celebes, though settled for many years by the Dutch, and described by Mr. Wallace in his incomparable book on the Malay Archipelago, is but little known to the English. Here our men-of-war are never seen; and, except when bound for Australian ports, the ubiquitous tourist never ventures to the east of Java. But Minnehassa, as the district is called, is one of the most fertile countries in the world, and from the neighbourhood of Menado coffee is produced which fetches a higher price than that from any other part of the East. Around Gorontalo, which reminds the traveller of nothing so much as the scenery along the coast of South Devon, but few crops are grown, but there is evidence of considerable mineral wealth, and from rivers further to the west, in the Gulf of Tomini, the tax is gathered in gold dust, of which precious metal there seems no lack, though the inertness of the Dutch has as yet left the country almost a *terra incognita*.

As we all know, since the action taken by Queensland with regard to New Guinea, the Dutch claim the part of that island lying to the westward of the 142nd parallel of longitude. It was in this portion that the greater part of the *Marchesa's* cruise was made, and that the photographs from which our illustrations are taken were obtained. One of the most unhealthy parts of the world, no white settlements as yet exist there, though a little band of four or five Dutch missionaries have established themselves at one or two points in Great Geelvink Bay. The mission-house at Mansinam, in Dorei Bay, of which we give an illustration, was established more than twenty years ago, but the result has been almost *nil*, and the amount of lives lost in the mission has nearly equalled the number of the converts.

The houses of the Papuans, as is the case in most of the islands to the east of the Straits Settlements, are built upon piles in the water. But the natives of New Guinea are a gregarious people, like the

Dyaks of Borneo, and many families live together, the huge turtle-backed houses often sheltering as many as a hundred people. In Jobi Island these houses are of extremely large size, and the population at Ansum appeared to be very considerable. The natives of this island had at one time a very bad name, but seem now to have somewhat improved, and no difficulties occurred during the visit of the *Marchesa*. Up to the age of sixteen or seventeen they appear to be destitute of any clothing whatsoever.

Mysol was the last of the New Guinea Islands visited by the yacht.—It proved ornithologically to be one of the best localities touched at in the cruise, and over one hundred specimens of the King Bird of Paradise were obtained.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by one of the members of the expedition.

"MATT"

MR. BUCHANAN'S new serial story, illustrated by Joseph Charlton, begins on page 17, and will be continued weekly until completed.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

LORD SHAFTESBURY came into the world so long ago, at the very beginning of the century, that much of his good work was done when the active and vigorous persons who now lead public opinion were either unborn or were in the nursery. He has always been a consistently religious man, but his religion has been displayed, not merely by strict adherence to certain theological doctrines, but by a spirit of far-reaching practical benevolence. At an early age he perceived that the great material discoveries and inventions of the last hundred years had brought many formidable evils with them. The urban population had vastly increased; villages grew into towns, and towns into cities; in the haste to grow rich the physical and moral well-being of the work-people were alike neglected; young children were enslaved and overtasked by the greed and selfishness of their parents and their employers; and in spite of the equalisation of political privileges, the gulf of demarcation between employer and employed had become far wider than it was in the days before machinery had superseded hand-labour. For this perilous social condition which, if unimproved, threatened an upheaval more terrible than that of France, Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) strove to find practical remedies. He worked chiefly by two instruments, namely, by legislative enactments and by society organisation. If self-interest were as enlightened as it is sometimes represented to be, there would be no need for legal interference; horses would not be flogged and half-starved; children would not be overworked. Mr. John Bright has always clung to this fallacy, and consequently he bitterly opposed the Ten Hours' Factory Bill, which Lord Shaftesbury supported with all his might and main, refusing, indeed, to join Sir Robert Peel's Ministry in 1841 because that statesman refused to lend his aid to the measure. The principle involved in the Ten Hours' Act has since borne fruit in many directions; it underlies the entire policy of Trades' Unionism; and it is regarded by the rising school of politicians (both Tory and Radical) as probably the best safeguard against the volcanic forces of Nihilism.

Lord Shaftesbury has always paid special attention to the wrongs and woes of children, partly because of the especially pitiful nature of such helpless and unmerited suffering, partly because children are more improvable than adults. It is often beyond human power to raise the latter from the condition of misery and degradation into which they have sunk, whereas if children can be detached from these evil surroundings there is good hope for the future. It is a long time since Lord Shaftesbury advocated the abolition of boy-chimney-sweeping; just as in later years he strove to restrain the employment of young children in the performance of dangerous feats of agility. These may be styled negative reforms; as a positive reform may be cited the formation of the Shoe Black Brigade. Lord Shaftesbury noticed that the old shoe-blacks had died out, without any one taking their places. This was an instance where the supply created the demand, for the organisation proved a thorough success, and several generations of shoe-blacks have, as they grew up, been drafted off into other industrial occupations. But far more important than either of these movements was the establishment of Ragged Schools. This was long before the School Board was organised. Neglected children from the streets were induced to come and be taught in places where they need not be ashamed of their ragged clothing. Another instance of Lord Shaftesbury's sagacious benevolence is afforded by the system he established for lending barrows to necessitous costermongers, and giving prizes for well-kept donkeys.

We have here indicated a mere tithe of Lord Shaftesbury's good deeds, for wherever there is a worthy work to be done, a poverty-stricken, miserable class to be raised into comfort and Christianity, his name and aid—in spite of the burden of some fourscore years—are still cheerfully given. Nor need we dwell here on the more purely religious organisations, such as the Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, with which Lord Shaftesbury is prominently connected; it is enough to say that he cannot be accused of neglecting the heathen at home for the heathen abroad, for while his hand is stretched as far as the South Seas, his ear is always open to the complaints of Whitechapel.

Let us conclude with a few formal biographical items. Anthony Ashley-Cooper, K.G., is the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, and a Baronet. He is Lord-Lieutenant of Dorsetshire. He was born April 28th, 1801, succeeded his father in 1851, was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford (where he took a first-class in classics), and was made a D.C.L. in 1841. He is Chairman of the Lunacy Commission, and has sat in the House of Commons successively for Woodstock, Dorchester, and Bath. In 1830 he married Lady Emily Cowper (who died in 1872), eldest daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, and by her has four sons and two daughters surviving.

WINTER SCENES IN NEVADA AND CALIFORNIA

THE town of Truckee is situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains in the State of California, though close to the border of Nevada. Here last January there were eight feet of snow; yet half a day's ride westwards lands the traveller in a region of perpetual summer, where snow rarely if ever falls to the ground, though the mountain peaks are snow-clad all the year round.

The snow-plough is constantly needed in winter time on these mountain summits. It is shaped like a simple wedge; but it needs three, and sometimes six, of the Central Pacific Railway's biggest engines to force a path through, and, as the carriages come through this ploughed-out track, the wall of snow is piled above their tops.

Donner Lake, three miles west of Truckee, in the heart of the Sierras, is a famous tourist resort in summer. It is surrounded by pine-clad hills. Although fed by snow water, the temperature of the lake is higher during summer than that of the adjacent ocean. In 1846-7 a party of ninety emigrants were imprisoned here by a sudden fall of snow, and forty-two of them perished through cold and lack of food.

The snow-shoes used in these mountains are after the Norwegian pattern. They consist of a long piece of pine-wood, ten, twelve, or fifteen feet long, turned up in front, with a toe-strap and heel-rest in the centre. The walker guides and supports himself with the snow-shoe pole—a simple pole with a round piece of wood fixed at one end.—Our engravings are from photographs by the Rev. G. W. Janics, of Tuscara, Nevada, U.S.A.

SNOW-DRIFT IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE scene of our illustration is at Dalnaspidal, a station on the Highland Railway, situated in the midst of the wildest moorland scenery. The railway last February was covered to the depth of twenty feet. Three trains were buried, and remained so until a way was cut for them by bands of navvies. The mails were conveyed to Inverness by the Great North of Scotland Railway. Many sheep perished on the adjacent moors, though the snow-storm was not attended with the same disastrous consequences as that of 1882, when upwards of forty head of cattle perished in cattle trucks under the snow-drifts in the Dava cuttings, on the same line, in the same railway.

CATCH A BULL-DOG ASLEEP

THE cats here have certainly the best of it. While Bully is asleep the marauding miaoulers come and appropriate his bone, that toothsome bone which he has preserved as a *bonne bouche* for leisure moments. He strives to pursue the foe, forgetting that the cruelty of man has made him a prisoner. He has a narrow escape from strangulation; then his hide is sorely punctured by a fall into a forcing-frame, and, after all, he has to creep ignominiously back, leaving the cats safe and out of reach up a tree.



ON MONDAY the Premier entered his seventy-sixth year, and kept his birthday at Hawarden. In the morning the Liberal Press throughout the country fired salutes in the form of laudatory leading articles, and the post brought him innumerable letters, with some two hundred birthday gifts. Throughout the day congratulatory telegrams poured in on him, from the Prince and Princess of Wales downwards. An address from his Liberal constituents at Dalkeith combined business with sentiment, as it added to the normal congratulations a statement of the claim of Scotland to twelve additional members.

AN AUTHORITATIVE CONTRADICTION is given to the announcement in a Society journal that Lord Derby intends before long to resign the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies.

MR. GOSCHEN has resigned his membership of the Reform Club, and other resignations are said to be in contemplation.

AMONG the published replies to Lord Rosebery's circular, requesting the co-operation of brother Peers in an attempt to reform the Upper House, is one from Lord Barrington, who was very intimately connected with Lord Beaconsfield during his later years. While arguing against the election of a new House of Peers, either by the present one or by the nation, Lord Barrington makes the rather significant admission that the objections which were raised in former years to the creation of Life Peers would not in these days be sustained.

AT A BANQUET in honour of the Premier's birthday given by the Liverpool Reform Club, one of the speakers was the new Secretary for the Admiralty. He dilated on various points in the Franchise and Redistribution Bills, but does not seem to have made the slightest reference to the work of his own Department. Had Mr. Caine been more than a subordinate Minister, an ominous meaning might have attached to his remark that the Irish question is destined to enter upon a new phase, as we could not go on for ever renewing Coercion Bills.

ANOTHER MINOR MINISTER, but of more experience than Mr. Caine, Lord R. Grosvenor, addressing a Liberal meeting at Dorchester on Tuesday, said that, while Mr. Gladstone had gone almost further than he ought to have gone in his Irish legislation, the conduct of the Irish members of the House of Commons had not been what was desirable, and new rules must be passed to check their obstructive action.

A WELCOME OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION is given to the announcement that the Martini-Henry rifle is to be issued to the Volunteer force, though possibly not until some months have elapsed.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS may well hold in honour the memory of Sir Erasmus Wilson, who, in addition to valuable donations in his lifetime, bequeathed to them the very handsome sum of 80,000*l.* Sir James Paget is to move the Council at its next meeting to take steps for placing in the College an appropriate memorial of its benefactor.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING now holds so important a place in our daily life, that thousands who constantly pass safely over the iron road may well be reminded of those railway officials who suffer injury in the public service. Thus the annual New Year's appeal of the Railway Benevolent Institution has a special claim on the public, as this association relieves and assists those disabled by their work, and aids the widows and orphans of those killed at their post. Last year the Institution helped 2,606 persons, and although the railway servants subscribe to the charity, and a collection is made on all lines yearly on January 1st, outside aid is absolutely necessary to continue the work. Amongst the railway officials only the subscribers are relieved, receiving in case of injury or old age suitable donations, while a present is made to widows, pensions are conferred in certain cases and orphans are educated and maintained. Contributions will be received by the chief clerk at the various railway stations, or the general secretary, Mr. W. F. Mills, 57, Drummond Street, Euston Square, N.W.

ARRESTS OF CROFTERS have been made in Skye, followed by an assault on a sheriff's officer, and there is much excitement in the island. In the most northerly of the Outer Hebrides, the Lewis, an attack has been made by 150 fishermen on an Aberdeen steam-trawler, which they boarded, armed with dirks and revolvers, and threatened to sink if she did not make off. They had been robbed, they said, of their land, and would not allow themselves to be robbed of their fish. The crew of the trawler consisted of only six men. The captain behaved with great prudence, and in the end drew up his nets and sailed back to Aberdeen, where he reported to the authorities what had happened.

FAIR RENTS IN IRELAND are now proclaimed to be unfair. At a Nationalist demonstration at Strokestown, County Roscommon, on Monday, one of the resolutions carried was to the effect that, in consequence of the reduction in the price of farm produce and the stock caused by foreign importation, it will be impossible for the tenant-farmers of Ireland to pay at present either the old rents or the rents fixed by the Courts.

THE PROJECT of a SUBWAY from the Marble Arch to the City, which is strenuously opposed by many of the Oxford Street shopkeepers, finds great favour, it seems, with the London working classes, as promising both to facilitate their transit between the East and West End and to provide fresh employment at a time of considerable depression.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE there were two serious fires in London attended with loss of life. One was at the Board School, Wordsworth Road, South Hornsey; the other at 17, Holles Street, Clare Market, a house occupied by a number of tenants in humble circumstances, the dead bodies of six or seven of whom were found frightfully burned when, after being at work for an hour and a half, the firemen were able to enter the premises.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Earl of Morton, for a quarter of a century a representative Peer of Scotland, in his seventieth year; of Mr. R. C. Crompton, British Vice-Consul at Colon, United States of Colombia; of Mr. T. Evans, of Lymington, near Arundel, for more than half a century in the Commission of the Peace for Sussex, at the advanced age of ninety; of Mr. Thomas Harvey, of Leeds, a member of the Society of Friends, distinguished for his general philanthropy, and particularly for his exertions to complete, in conjunction with the late Joseph Sturge, the emancipation of the negroes in the West India islands, and to relieve the sufferers on the Baltic coast, at the close of the Crimean War, in his seventy-third year; of Mr. Charles Doncaster, steel manufacturer, Sheffield, and Chairman of the Sheffield School Board, a member of the Society of Friends, and an active local philanthropist; of Mr. George Trist, head of the old-established firm of Norton, Trist, Watney, and Co., auctioneers and surveyors, and formerly Master of the Skinners Company, at the age of sixty-nine; and of the Rev. William S. Cooke, D.D., an eminent and influential minister of the Methodist New Connection, all the most important offices in which body he had filled with great success, the author also of a number of theological and devotional works, in his seventy-ninth year.



I.

IN the *Contemporary* for this month Baron von der Brüggen, founder of the German Colonial Union, gives a very thorough and thoughtful analysis of the political and social facts which have induced "The German Colonial Movement."—A strong word of praise is also due to Mr. Westall, who in "From Siberia to Switzerland" gives us a thrilling narrative of the escape of Mokrievitch from the weary and terrible exile of Siberia. What Mr. Westall says in the beginning of his article will well repay perusal, and from it we make the following quotation:—"Escapes of political and other convicts from Western Siberia are more frequent than is generally supposed, but from Eastern Siberia, though often attempted, they seldom succeed. Save for convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and actually imprisoned, it is easy to elude the vigilance of the police and get away from a convict village or settlement, but it is almost impossible to get out of the country. The immense distances to be traversed, the terrible climate, lack of money, the absolute necessity of keeping to the high roads, prove, except in a few instances, insuperable obstacles to final success. In order to be really free, moreover, it is imperative for a fugitive not alone to pass the frontier of European Russia, but to reach some country where he runs no risk of falling into the clutches of the Imperial police. Even in Germany he is liable to be recaptured, and is really safe only in England, France, or Switzerland."

The most noteworthy paper in the *Nineteenth Century* is by Mr. Fraser Rae on "The Centenary of the *Times*." Mr. Rae gives an interesting account of the rise and progress of that wonderful, and, we may venture to say, unrivalled newspaper, and the growth of journalism generally during the last hundred years.

In the *Fortnightly* the opening article is devoted to that stale subject, here, perhaps, correctly styled "The Revolution of 1884." On "Redistribution By Different Lights," possibly the most interesting paper is that by Mr. Leonard Courtney, who remarks:—"Is it not idle to quarrel with the Redistribution Bill which has been laid before Parliament by the Government? Even if you could convince the world that the alterations you propose would be amendments, would it not still remain an impossible task to procure their adoption?" Questions like these I have often heard during the last few days, and I recognise their force. The folly of fighting with the inevitable is so foolish, and superficially it was never more apparent than here. For the Bill is not the Bill of the Government only, it is the Bill of the leaders of the Opposition also. Lord Salisbury has joined Mr. Gladstone in framing it. Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Dilke have planned it together. From Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain in the background has been drawn the spirit of its wisdom. To enter the lists against such a combination may be gallant, may be magnificent, but it is not war."

In the *National* there is little that is sufficiently striking, but probably "A Woman" hits the mark, when she asserts anent "Chivalry, Marriage, and Religion":—"The world's code of honour is full of inconsistency, and compromises with sin, by ruling, as in effect it does, that self-restraint is only necessary where self-interest compels the effort, or where indulgence in ill-doing would shock both genuine and mock respectability. Allowing men to talk scandal, which, if written, would be actionable; insisting that in the Divorce Court untruth is honourable; contending even that under picturesquely interesting circumstances vice becomes virtue; deciding that though a man so ignoble as to cheat when engaged in a serious game of cards shall be for ever 'cut,' yet that far more widely ruinous baseness shall be soon forgiven, and before long counted as a feather in the cap."

Bishop F. D. Huntington has much that is excellent to write as well as to read in the *North American Review* on "Vituperation in Politics." "Party," he says, "is made a power of itself, irrespective of the principle that created it, standing somewhere between the sphere of personal accountability and the law of the land. It takes on authority, claims rights, issues commands, exercises privileges. Among the latter is the liberty of hatred and misrepresentation, the privilege of being a common scold." Besides Bishop Huntington's paper, there is a valuable article by Mr. Michael G. Mulhall—and paper, there is a valuable article by Mr. Michael G. Mulhall—this gentleman should be an authority—on "The Increase of Wealth."

The *Century* is always recommendable, although Mark Twain is not at his best in the very forced fun of "Jim's Investments, and King Soltermann." The professional jester must, whatever his ordinary merit, occasionally fail to please. Yet there are attractions in the *Century*, for instance, the continuations of Mr. Howells' serial, of *Century*, for the late civil war by Admiral Walker, and an entertaining story, "Orpiment and Gamboge," by Ivory Black.

In *Macmillan's*, Mr. John Morley's "Review of the Month" is exceptionally good reading, as giving the view of a very able man on the unpleasant aspect of foreign and some parts of domestic politics. The "Great Baxtairs Scandal" is an amusing satire on the political and social love of calumny which finds its fittest, if not least harmless, vent in posthumous memoirs.

In *Belgravia* Mr. Clark Russell begins a promising serial in "A Strange Voyage," while Mr. H. Barton Baker has much to say that is interesting from a historic-artistic point of view about the Haymarket.

If nothing else in the *Gentleman's* deserves notice, certainly "On Getting Up Early," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, does. He says—and it is true, though it go against the grain of many of his readers—"For to be asleep is not pleasure, but dead loss. To sleep from eleven to nine the next morning is too much; from eleven till six should be, and for one averagely healthy and normally constituted, quite enough. The point I want to fix on especially is those two precious hours before breakfast. How many people only begin their day after breakfast, say about ten o'clock! I myself lived for nearly forty years without realising that I had thrown away about 21,900 hours of good working life. Of course the candle cannot be burned at both ends. You must get your sleep." Besides Mr. Haweis' paper there is plenty of good matter for the thoughtful reader in the *Gentleman's*.



A BEER EXHIBITION will be held in Vienna next April.

"TWILIGHT PARTIES" are the latest winter novelty in New York society. No light is permitted except the glow of huge fires, which gives a picturesque Rembrandt effect to the scene.

MDME. CLOVIS HUGUES' CRIME has been put upon the stage at Milan as a historical five-act drama: *La Vendetta della Signora Hugues, ovvero una Donna che Uccide*—i.e., "The Vengeance of Madame Hugues; or, the Woman who Kills." The play-bill contains an account of the trial which led to the murder, and portraits of M. and Mme. Hugues.

ENCKE'S COMET, which was expected to re-appear about this time has been discovered by a Florentine astronomer, close to the position calculated by a Russian scientist. This comet was first discovered in Paris in 1768, and its periodicity was determined in 1818 by Professor Encke, who found that the comet completed its revolution round the sun in about three and a third years.

THE GORGEOUS IMPERIAL MANTLE worn by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in M. Sardou's new play, *Theodora*, is the talk of the hour in Paris. Though not so valuable as the original, which was said to be worth 120,000*l.*, the modern mantle cost 320*l.*, and is exactly copied from the famous mosaic portrait of the Empress at Ravenna. It is made in blue satin, bordered with gold, and sown with peacocks having sapphire and emerald plumage, and ruby eyes, and is worn by Theodora when visiting the Hippodrome in State.

GREENWICH TIME underwent an important alteration at the New Year. Hitherto the day at Greenwich Observatory has begun at noon, but from January 1st the beginning of the day counts from midnight, thus agreeing with the civil day. The twenty-four hours' system of counting is no novelty at Greenwich, as the day has been reckoned thus for many years past, and a public clock outside the observatory is divided according to this plan. By the way, one London church (St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square), has already adopted the twenty-four hours scheme, and somewhat puzzles the congregation by announcing services at "19 o'clock, 21 o'clock," &c.

THREE AFRICAN LION CUBS have lately been born in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, and are in capital health. The little creatures, however, are very shy, and try to keep in the inner den, where they cannot be seen. Another interesting addition is a pretty little Chinese deer, the hairy-fronted muntjac (*Cervulus crinifrons*), the first specimen brought to England. This muntjac's antlers have a hairy-covered support at the base, and the creature is smaller and differs considerably from the Indian muntjacs. Much amusement has been caused by the winter arrangements of the thirteen prairie dogs, who were turned out into a paddock, and sand provided for their burrows. The creatures, however, preferred to go their own way. Only one pair took to the sand, while one colony burrowed under the roots of a big tree, and the remainder made a snug home by digging out a tunnel close to an underground hot-water pipe.

CHRISTMAS WORK AT THE POST OFFICE grows heavier every year in town and country alike. On Christmas Eve the night mails despatched from the London General Post Office amounted to between seventy and eighty tons, while the letters passing through the Office in the first half of the week were several millions above the usual correspondence. Indeed, this was the heaviest Christmas business yet known, and though 3,000 persons were sorting and stamping letters and parcels at St. Martin's on Christmas Eve, the postmen delivered letters up to past midnight in the suburbs, and in many districts did not finish their rounds on Christmas Day until the afternoon. Five hundred indoor helpers, and a similar number for outdoor work, were taken on at the General Post Office, besides 350 policemen and fifty commissioners. In the provinces the strain was equally unprecedented, and at Manchester the system fairly broke down. Though many officials were on duty for twenty-six hours many letters were not delivered till Boxing Day, and altogether 1,331,211 cards passed through the Office—100,000 more than last year. Liverpool received and posted 1,498,457 letters and cards above the usual number—235,956 over the returns of 1883, and similar experience is recorded from most large towns. As Christmas cards increase, Valentines steadily decrease.

LONDON MORTALITY has decreased during the last two weeks, and 1,595 and 1,430 deaths have been respectively registered, against 1,638 during the previous seven days, being 295 and 557 below the average, and at the rate of 20.7 and 18.6 per 1,000. There were 33 and 32 deaths from small-pox, 33 and 20 from measles, 26 and 16 from scarlet fever, 28 and 20 from diphtheria, 31 and 22 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus (the week before last), 15 and 9 from enteric fever, 4 and 1 from ill-defined forms of fever, 9 and 7 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 416 and 370, and were 135 and 206 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 50 and 36 deaths; 42 and 32 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 16 and 7 from fractures and contusions, 5 and 4 from burns and scalds, 3 and 1 from poison, and 14 and 10 of infants under one year of suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,631 and 1,832 births registered, against 2,614 during the previous week, being 29 above and 500 below the average. The mean temperature of the air last week was 36.5 deg. and 2.8 deg. below the average. The coldest day was Friday. Rain fell on two days to the aggregate amount of 0.03 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 2.4 hours, against 1.3 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS IN PARIS are not particularly novel this season. Every year they grow more expensive and elaborate, so that the tax on slender purses becomes very serious. Children are no longer satisfied with simple toys; they must have costly mechanical playthings, such as model ironclads duly fitted with practical cannon, steam-engines of all kinds, trains which draw considerable weights—in fact, toys worked by steam are decidedly the freak of this winter. Racing games are in great favour, as well as models of "Montagnes Russes" for dolls to slide down in their sledges, and of those wooden horses which children love to ride at fairs, moved by clockwork. Military tastes are suited by ingenious cardboard fortresses and innumerable soldiers and sham fights, where the Chinese is, of course, the general adversary this year. Thus there are the "wrestlers"—John Chinaman, with his pig-tail, and the little French *pion*—the "Chinese Mandarin," which nods and moves on wheels, the "Tonkin Shop," and other topical toys. The dolls are really wonderful, the favourite of all being the nurse and baby, with its mummy-like wrappings and feeding-bottle. More costly gifts are the bric-à-brac treasures for the elders, natural flowers arranged in every imaginable shape—easels, frames, screens, baskets, caskets, vases, &c.—jewels set as flowers, heraldic animals, birds and insects, and the inevitable bonbons in their gorgeous boxes. The "Theodora bonbon" is the popular sweetmeat of the season, but loyal Royalists can have the "Bayard," contained either in a mediæval casket with the portrait of the Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, or in a satin bag, ornamented by heraldic devices and *lions de lys*.



WITH THE CAMEL CORPS FROM SARASS TO DONGOLA—A HALT OF THE MOUNTED INFANTRY IN THE NUBIAN DESERT

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION



THE movements this week of the Expedition in EGYPT have been of great importance, and Lord Wolseley has now disclosed the main portion of his plan of operations. As had been expected, the Camel Corps is to be utilised for a march from Korti across the Bayuda desert to Shendy, whence communication with Khartoum is comparatively easy. The distance across the desert is about 170 miles; but this is not to be accomplished at once, as a fortified post and camp is to be first established at the wells of Gakdul, about ninety miles from Korti, and where there is an abundant supply of good water. Accordingly, on Monday, a force of 1,000 men, with 2,000 camels laden with stores and ammunition, started for Gakdul under General Sir Herbert Stewart, who is accompanied by Sir Charles Wilson and Major Kitchener. A small post of fifty men will be established about half-way at the wells of Hambok; and it was hoped that Gakdul would have been reached by Thursday, as no opposition was expected. After being unladen, the camels will be sent back under an escort to Korti, and General Wolseley will advance with a larger force and a battery of screw guns for Gakdul and Shendy. The most trying part of the march is the first fifty miles, which is arid and absolutely destitute of water. The subsequent portion is far easier to traverse. General Stewart's force is composed of detachments from all services—Guards, Marines, Engineers, Artillery (without guns), Hussars, and Mounted Infantry. The last-named will form the escort for the returning camels. In order to avoid the heat, the marching will be entirely by night from 8 P.M. to sunrise. Fortunately, there will be bright moonlight.

Simultaneously with this movement, General Earle is advancing with the South Staffordshire Regiment, numbering 550 men, and a small force of cavalry up the Nile to Handab, where he will punish the Monassir tribe for the treacherous massacre of Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power and their followers. He will then advance to Abou Hamed (140 miles from Korti), and endeavour to open the desert route (280 miles) back to Korosko, on the Nile, where the Cameron Highlanders are now stationed. These will shortly make a dash with camels in small detachments across the desert, and effect a junction with General Earle. At Abou Hamed also General Earle will be within a comparatively short distance (120 miles) of Berber. The chief difficulties of navigation lie between Handab and Abou Hamed. At Korti all is bustle and preparation for the definitive advance. Detachments of whale boats, with the various regiments, continue to arrive, and by next week Lord Wolseley will have a force of 7,000 infantry at his disposal. At present the Black Watch appears most likely to carry off Lord Wolseley's prize of 100*l*. from Khartoum there has been no further news this week, and the only intelligence of importance from Cairo is that both the Government and the Debt Commissioners have appealed against the recent decision of the Court against the Cabinet and officials for suspending the contributions to the Sinking Fund. The former have protested against the verdict *in toto*, the latter against the acquittal of Nubar Pasha, as they argue that as Prime Minister he must be responsible for the acts of his subordinates when executed at his bidding.

IN FRANCE, thanks to Christmas and New Year festivities, political circles have been quiet and peaceful, although the failure of the Government to pass the Budget before the adjournment has been the subject of much sarcasm from its opponents. The Chambers, after passing certain provisional estimates, adjourned until January 13th, but even then but little actual work is likely to be done before the Senatorial elections. Meanwhile, the journals continue to discuss the Egyptian problem, and are becoming somewhat suspicious of Prince Bismarck and his ostentatious civility. "What are we going to get by all this?" is the cry. "Germany is annexing bountifully with England's consent, while we are standing still and doing nothing." Thus regrets are once more beginning to be expressed that the good feeling with England was ever broken. As we have said, however, politics are at a discount, and Paris has been holding high festival with such vigour that on Christmas Eve 687 people were arrested for celebrating the *revillon* "not wisely but too well." The general gaiety, however, is a little saddened by the great prevailing distress, which is increased by the unusually severe weather now prevailing throughout France. Thus snow has fallen in many districts, while in Paris the cold has been intense—a woman and her child have been frozen to death in the Champs Elysées. Of course, the Anarchists have taken advantage of the existing distress to hold angry meetings, and a deputation went on Monday to the Hôtel de Ville to request the Municipality to take peremptory measures for the relief of the unemployed. The Municipality have promised to "take the matter into consideration." Turning to more pleasing subjects, M. Sardou has scored a brilliant success in his long-looked-for play, *Theodora*, at the Porte St. Martin, where Madame Sarah Bernhardt completely surpassed all expectations by her brilliant rendering of that profligate Empress of Justinian. The play contains numerous absurd anachronisms, but is a fine piece of stagecraft, and has been mounted in the most magnificent manner. The trial of Madame Clovis Hugues for Morin's murder is to take place next Thursday. Her example has been followed by a lady at Tonnerre, who has shot a profligate *roué* who surreptitiously introduced himself into her house during her husband's absence.

SPAIN has been visited by a most disastrous earthquake, or rather series of earthquakes. On Christmas evening Madrid was startled by two shocks, which caused people to run out of their homes in great alarm. In the south the shocks were far more severe and numerous, particularly in the Provinces of Granada and Malaga, several towns being partially destroyed, and the inhabitants camping out in the open air during the night. Fresh shocks have occurred throughout the week, causing further damage and loss of life. At Albuquerque much of the town was reduced to ruins, and 150 persons were killed. At Albuñuelas nearly the whole town was overthrown, and nearly 1,000 persons buried beneath the ruins; while at Arenas del Rey forty persons were killed. Alhama also suffered terribly, as that historic stronghold is almost completely destroyed, 300 persons losing their lives. At Periana, near which town a mountain has disappeared, a church and 750 houses have been overthrown by a landslide. The Alhambra is fortunately intact, and the town of Granada has suffered comparatively little; but both there and at Seville the façades of the Cathedrals have been injured. Great damage and loss of life is reported from numerous other towns of Southern Spain, where the greatest panic prevails; but the Northern portion of Spain does not appear to have felt the shocks in the slightest degree. In addition to earthquakes, Spain has been visited by numerous severe snowstorms.

IN GERMANY as in France Christmas festivities have mainly overshadowed politics, but the journals have been continuing to discuss the Congo and Egyptian questions. The objections of France to recognise the neutralisation of the Congo Free State is now the great stumbling block in the work of the West African Conference, and side rumours are afloat that suggestions for placing "a Prussian Prince with considerable naval experience" at the head of the Free State Government is being considered. As for the Egyptian crisis

the *North German Gazette* declares that the Powers are far more concerned in keeping on good terms with each other than with the actual Egyptian question, and that consequently, if only England and France would agree upon a settlement, Europe would gladly ratify it. At the same time Germany is not inclined, by pressing the English proposals upon France, to "lend itself to this plucking of the Anglo-Egyptian chestnuts out of the fire." The annexation of St. Lucia Bay by England has also been commented upon, as a German traveller, Einwald, claims to have bought that district and 60,000 acres adjoining for goods worth 50*l*. in November. The semi-official *Post* however has definitely stated that the German Government has authorised no one to assert its sovereignty in St. Lucia Bay, while the *North German Gazette* merely remarks that the hoisting of the British flag there constitutes an important increase in British possessions in South Africa, and adds, that in German maps that region is coloured English.

IN INDIA the excitement resulting from the change of Viceroy has toned down, and Lord Dufferin is settling to serious work. One of the principal coming questions is our future relations with Thibet. The results of Mr. Macaulay's mission have been most satisfactory, and the Regent of the Tashu Lama at Shigatze has sent a most cordial reply to his letter, asking for a Thibetan-English dictionary and some instruments, and has sent a letter to the Viceroy. This is the first official communication received from Thibet for a century, and bodes well for the scheme of opening that country to Indian and European commerce.—An important prince, the Maharana of Udaipur, or Mewar, has just died. He was the head of the oldest and purest Rajput families, and of the only Indian dynasty which has held its own for eight centuries.—The Afghan Boundary Commission seems likely to have to wait some time for General Zelenoy, the Russian Commissioner, as he has only just set out for his post, and, moreover, the *St. Petersburg Zeitung* states that the actual delimitation of the frontier cannot take place until favourable weather sets in; and, as at least two months must elapse before that period, the Cabinets interested will employ the interval in settling by direct negotiations between themselves some questions still pending in regard to the delimitation.—FROM BURMA we hear that Bhamo has been captured by some Chinese filibusters.

IN AUSTRALIA great indignation has been expressed at the annexations in NEW GUINEA. Tasmania and Queensland have agreed to the proposal of the Hon. James Service, Premier of Victoria, to unite in protesting against the German annexation in the Pacific. New South Wales and South Australia have, however, declined to join in a protest at the present moment, owing to the want of definitive information as to the existence of any arrangement between the Home Government and Germany, and as to the intention of England to occupy the remaining islands. Mr. Service has presented a memorandum to Sir Henry Brougham Loch, Governor of Victoria, expressing much surprise at what has taken place, after the definite assurances given by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and great disappointment at the want of response shown by the Imperial Government to the aspirations of the Colonies. "Australia," he declares, was not allowed to act herself, and the Imperial Government will not act on her behalf. Meanwhile Australia has to stand by, and see territories the possession of which she regards as essential to her safety and well-being pass to another Power." Mr. Service then requests the Governor to telegraph to the Home Government, and obtain authorisation to take the steps necessary to secure to Australasia such of the neighbouring islands as are yet available.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the question of the reform of the House of Peers has now been officially brought forward in PORTUGAL, where the Cabinet propose that the future Upper Chamber should consist of 100 life Peers appointed by the King and fifty elected by an indirect process. The King, however, will have the right of dissolving the elected portion.—IN BULGARIA a lively scene has occurred in the Sobranje, or Parliament. A member, criticising the conduct of the Government, was called to order by the Speaker, but declined to obey, whereupon the Government partisans rushed upon him, and thrashed him within an inch of his life, leaving him in a pool of blood on the floor.—IN THE UNITED STATES the chief topic continues to be the Nicaraguan Canal, the project for which is being considered by the Senate, which is greatly hesitating before giving its sanction to the scheme.—JAPAN is seriously concerned at the recent outbreak in Corea, and has sent the Foreign Minister there as High Commissioner to interrogate the outbreak.—IN SOUTH AFRICA loyalist meetings have been held in various towns, and votes of confidence have been passed in Sir Charles Warren and Sir Hercules Robinson, Mr. Upington and Mr. Gordon Sprigg being burnt in effigy. Sir Charles Warren is now arranging his plan of campaign, and matters are looking more promising.



THE engagement of Princess Beatrice to Prince Henry of Battenberg has been formally announced. It is an express condition of Her Majesty's consent that the Prince and Princess shall live in England with Her Majesty, in order that the Queen may not be parted from the daughter who has been her constant companion for so long. The fiancé, Prince Henry, is the third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and Princess Julie of Battenberg, and is brother to Prince Louis, who married the Queen's granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, and to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. He is a Lieutenant in the Prussian Regiment of King's Hussars, and is twenty-six years old. Prince Henry has been staying with the Royal party at Osborne for Christmas, residing with Prince and Princess Louis, at Kent House; and Princess Christian also arrived at the end of last week. On Sunday the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Duckworth officiated. Next morning Princess Christian visited Mrs. Prothero, at the Rectory, and in the evening Prince and Princess Louis, Prince Henry, Mr. White, British Minister at Bucharest, and Vice-Admiral de Horsey dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday the Queen held a Council, attended by Lord Carlisle, Sir R. Couch, and Mr. Mundella, and afterwards Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Carlisle.—The Queen and Princess Beatrice remain at Osborne till about February 20, when they come to Windsor.

Sandringham will be *en fête* next week to celebrate Prince Albert Victor's coming of age on Thursday. Numerous guests are invited, specially including several naval officers, and amongst the festivities will be a grand shooting battue, a county ball on Thursday, and a tenants' ball next evening. Pieces of plate will be presented to the Prince by the towns of King's Lynn and Norwich, besides congratulatory addresses from Cambridge and other places, while he will also receive the freedom of the City of Norwich. Meanwhile the Prince and Princess and their family have spent Christmas quite alone at Sandringham. Princess Louise spent Christmas with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell, the Marquis of Lorne being with the Argyll family at Inverary. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will embark for England at Bombay on April 3, and may be expected at Plymouth on April 29.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE exhibition of Thomas Gainsborough's collected works at Sir Coutts Lindsay's Gallery in New Bond Street is of the most comprehensive character. Not often has so large or so interesting an assemblage of pictures by one artist been brought together. Every phase of Gainsborough's many-sided art is amply illustrated, and as he painted not only the most beautiful women, but the most eminent men of his time, the collection will be found in the highest degree interesting from an historical, as well as an artistic point of view. A large proportion of the works have appeared in the Winter Exhibitions of the Academy, and some very recently, but there are several that have not been publicly shown for at least half a century. Two of the best of these are lent by the Queen. The full-length of "Fischer, the Musician," from the collection at Hampton Court, is a capital example of simple, unaffected, manly portraiture, and the portrait of "Colonel St. Leger," who is represented standing beside his horse, is full of vitality, and handled in the painter's strongest style. It scarcely suffers by comparison with Sir Joshua's fine portrait of the same person which was exhibited last year at the Academy. Close by this hangs a very characteristic half-length of "Tenducci," a celebrated tenor, who is represented in the act of singing, with a simpering expression on his fat and foolish face. As regards beauty of colour and complete modelling of form, this work is unsurpassed by anything in the room. Of several portraits of William Pitt in the collection, that representing him leaning on a chair on which is thrown his official robe as Chancellor of the Exchequer strikes us as the best. The attitude is easy and natural, and there is a look of bright intelligence and conscious power in the face. The portrait of "Dr. Johnson" is not a good example of the painter's work; nor can we regard with unqualified admiration the well-known picture of "David Garrick" leaning in a constrained and affected attitude on the pedestal of Shakespeare's bust, from the Town Hall of Stratford-on-Avon. A very much better work is the half-length of a celebrated violinist, "Felice de Giardini." The head is full of strongly-marked individuality, and the picture is painted throughout with an easy mastery that could scarcely be surpassed. The painter's skill in characterisation and rare technical skill are also shown in a strikingly life-like head of his nephew, "Mr. Gainsborough Dupont," who engraved some of his works.

Among many examples of graceful female portraiture in the collection one of the best is the life-sized picture of "The Countess of Sussex and Lady Barbara Yelverton." The figures are admirably grouped, and have the air of cultivated grace and refinement that Gainsborough seldom failed to impart to his subjects. The half-length of "Madame Le Brun," a famous singer, the sketch of "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," and the large "Portraits of the Painter's Daughters," have the same fine qualities, and there are many others equally good that have been too recently commented on to require notice. The half-length of "Mrs. Hingston" should certainly not be passed over. It is said to be the last portrait that Gainsborough painted, but it shows no sign of decaying power. The thoughtful, compassionate expression of the aged face is rendered with sympathetic skill, and it shows besides the refined harmony of colour and delicate but unerring certainty of touch that characterises his best works.

The painter's appreciative perception of unsophisticated rustic beauty is well exemplified in the celebrated group, "The Wood Gatherers," which was seen lately at the Academy, and in the two single figures, "The Milk Girl" and "The Cottage Girl." The last-named, representing a barefooted little girl clasping to her breast a Newfoundland puppy, is an especially charming work, the best of its kind in the collection. The figure has the spontaneous grace of unconstrained youthful action; the colour throughout the picture is of the finest kind; and the treatment in every respect in perfect keeping with the sentiment of the subject. Many of Gainsborough's most famous landscapes, including "The Harvest Waggon," "The Cottage Door," and "Going to Market," are here. His great power as a colourist and fine feeling for natural beauty are, however, best shown in the large "Landscape with Cattle," lent by W. R. M. Thoyts, Esq., evidently inspired by the example of Cuyp, and which, as regards luminous quality of colour and general harmony of effect, Cuyp never excelled.



A GLANCE AHEAD.—We last week passed in rapid review the music of the past year. The outlook is somewhat more cheering. Until February, it is true, music will be represented in London solely by the Ballad Concerts, which begin this afternoon, and the Popular Concerts, which recommence on Monday. Later in February Herr Joachim, and perhaps Madame Schumann, are expected. The Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed on February 14, and among the works promised are Raff's *Winter Symphony* and Berlioz's *Te Deum*. The Philharmonic Concerts will begin February 26, under the conductorship of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and among the novelties to be produced in the course of the season are Dvorák's new Symphony, Mr. Thomas Wingham's new orchestral Serenade, and Moszkowski's *Johanna d'Arc*. On February 27 the Sacred Harmonic Society will revive Handel's *Belshazzar*. The Richter Concerts will extend from April 20 to June 15. Mr. H. F. Cowen has promised to compose a new Symphony for these concerts if he has time; and, should Brahms's new Symphony (No. 4) be ready, Richter will produce it. Señor Sarasate will give four concerts with violin and orchestra; and it is not improbable that Herr Wilhelmj, who will return to London after an absence of several years, may follow his example. The Bach Choir will give a performance of the B minor Mass at the Albert Hall, and three concerts at St. James's Hall. Several novelties, among them Schumann's *The Minstrel's Curse*, written in 1852, Rheinberger's *Christoforis*, the version for orchestra and choir of Dvorák's *Legenden*, and Draesecke's *Requiem*, will be produced by the London Musical Society, under Mr. Barnby. The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in June will be a notable feature of the musical year. The revived Henry Leslie Choir will give at least one concert, and the season will assuredly bring forth the usual piano recitals and miscellaneous concerts. The operatic outlook is at present doubtful, but Mr. Gye promises to reopen the Royal Italian Opera as usual, Mr. J. H. Mapleson has projected a shorter rival season at Drury Lane, and Herr Francke declares he will once more try German opera, under Richter, at Covent Garden. There is also a talk of a visit from a French opera troupe. English opera will be represented by the Carl Rosa troupe, who will produce Mr. Goring Thomas's Russian opera during a season at Drury Lane, which will extend from Easter to June. Later on in the year we shall have the Hereford, the Bristol, and the Birmingham Festivals. The Midland celebration will bring forth a plentiful crop of new works, among them M. Gounod's oratorio *Mors et Vita*, Mr. Cowen's cantata, *The Sleeping Beauty*, Dvorák's cantata, *John Huss*, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new violin concerto, Mr. Ebenezer Prout's new orchestral symphony, Mr. Anderson's cantata, *Yuletide*, and

Dr. Villiers Stanford's cantata, *The Three Holy Children*. It is also hoped that some scheme will by that time have been devised to provide the London public with the much-needed orchestral and perhaps operatic performances during the autumn months, after the brief holiday season is over.

COMIC OPERAS.—*Pocahontas*, by Messrs. Sydney Grundy and E. Solomon, performed at the Empire on Boxing Night is, it seems, only intended as a stop-gap, pending the preparations for a new comic opera, by Mr. Fullerton, in which Miss Florence St. John will take part. Even this will, however, hardly explain the reason for the production of a work weak in action, and almost entirely destitute of humour. The part of Pocahontas herself is almost colourless; nor is the character improved by the histrionic deficiencies of Miss Lillian Russell. Mr. Celli, whose return to the stage is most welcome, plays the part of Captain John Smith, now transformed into the traditional operatic lover; Miss Alice Barnett undertakes the character of a widow; and Mr. Shine essays the hackneyed sketch of a cowardly and would-be comic British general. Part of the music in the first act is superior to Mr. Solomon's previous productions; but in the second and last act the interest flags. It is a pity that tasteful dresses and capital scenes were not utilised for a stronger piece. The programme concludes with the ballet *Giselle*, originally written by Adolphe Adam for Carlotta Grisi, and danced by her in 1841 at Paris, and during the following year at Her Majesty's Theatre. The story furnished the plot for Loder's opera, *The Night Dancers*. The ballet was revived by Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane a few years ago.—At the Savoy, a party of clever children, admirably trained by Messrs. Barker and F. Cellier, are playing Sullivan and Gilbert's *Pirates of Penzance* every afternoon. Although these performances cannot pretend to equal in interest those by artists of maturity, yet the young people fulfil their tasks very creditably. The Major-General, the Pirate King, the Policeman, and the Mabel show especial promise, and the spectacle is altogether undeniably pretty.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Two performances of *Messiah* have been given, one at St. James's Hall, under Mr. Cusins; and the other at the Albert Hall, under Mr. Barnby. At the former Mr. Sims Reeves once more sang, and despite the fact that he was said to be out of voice, he charmed his audience by a delivery of the "Passion" music, which for artistic refinement and true pathos can still hardly be approached by any tenor before the public. The effort exhausted the great singer's strength, and for "Thou Shalt Break Them" he was relieved by Mr. Piercy. Miss Griswold was hardly conversant with our oratorio traditions, but Madame Patey and Mr. Santley have rarely been in better voice.—On Boxing Day Mr. Ambrose Austin had one of his "monstre" concerts at the Albert Hall, when Mr. Sims Reeves and other popular artists sang familiar songs.—A series of promenade concerts commenced at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the conductorship of Mr. Odoardo Barri, demand no further mention.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is reported that Mr. Sims Reeves once more contemplates a tour in Australia next autumn. It is, however, hardly likely that such a tour will be undertaken.—The Cologne string quartet, headed by Herr Heckman, who is now in Glasgow, contemplate a few concerts of chamber music in London during the spring.—The choir practices for the Bach Bi-Centenary celebration at the Albert Hall begin on Monday.—The Prince of Wales hopes to be present at the first smoking concert to be given on the 31st inst. by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is first violin.—Beethoven's septet will be performed for the last time this season at the Popular Concert of the 10th inst.—Madame Alboni's villa has been broken into by burglars, and several art relics and presents have been stolen.—The Albert Hall Choir will perform *Creation* on January 14 and Mackenzie's *The Rose of Sharon* February 4.—A series of choral competitions will be held in connection with the Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington this year.



ONCE again has the children's festival come round, and, as is our annual custom, we shall devote the Fashion article to the description of toilettes for their various festivities.

When children have been dressed all day in woollen clothes high to the throat and sleeves to the wrist, there is always a great risk of their taking a severe cold when undressed for an evening party. Boys are much better off than their little sisters; the former usually change cloth for velvet suits, and can keep on their warm flannel underclothing whilst the fashionable young girl of the period is often put into costumes of muslin, lace, and tulle, the ample but curtailed skirts, scarcely reaching to the knees, and the small shapely legs clad in thin silk stockings, and finished off with satin shoes. It must be confessed that a modern juvenile ball-room is a replica of an assembly of adults; the little maidens of from five to fifteen are exact imitations of their elder sisters, and do not consider their toilette complete without a bouquet, fan, and long gloves; by the way, silk, kid, and suede gloves are now made for children of all ages, with from six to twelve buttons, or at least of those lengths.

At a juvenile full-dress ball, lately given, two costumes for sisters, both very fair, were made of pale pink Surah, with alternate flounces of the material and of lace; to within a quarter of a yard of the waist; corselet bodice of pink Surah, low and square. Round the lower part of the bodice was a deep lace basque, embroidered in seed pearls; a silk net tucker, gathered into a pink narrow band at the throat, made of pink velvet, embroidered in pearls. Sleeves to match, with three puffs to the elbow, fastened down with velvet and pearl bands; lace ruffles. White silk stockings, with pink clocks; pink satin shoes, embroidered in pearls. Another costume was of white tulle, with silver and blue chenille rings dotted over it. There were three skirts of plain net underneath, with the fancy tulle as a ballet skirt over; the baby bodice was of tulle, and a wide Swiss band of blue velvet, with epaulets of velvet and one deep puff of tulle for the sleeves. A quaint pair of French children looked as if they had just stepped out of a picture. They wore honeycombed skirts, one of pink, the other of blue Surah. For the former, over-dress of pink foulard, with a design of very small crimson roses, tied in bunches, with a raised gold true lover's-knot, made with paniers and a Watteau back. Red silk stockings; black kid shoes, with gold buckles. For the latter, the over-dress was of cream foulard, with a design of tiny brown swallows outlined in silver. Blue silk stockings; bronze shoes, with silver swallows in the centre of brown velvet rosettes. Loops of cream satin, brown velvet, and silver guaze were gracefully scattered about. The youthful wearers wore their hair cut short, and arranged in ring curls all over their heads. A contrast to the above were two demure little maidens, in the finest of Indian muslin frocks, with plain white silk slips; the skirts arranged in tucks, commencing at three inches wide, and finishing by gradation in the very narrowest that could be run; baby bodices, a wide sash of crocus-yellow silk, with large bows and ends, black silk stockings, and low shoes of shiny leather; black lace mittens, tied with yellow satin ribbon.

Two little boys of eight and nine years old were the beaux of the evening; one was dressed in purple velvet, with trunk hose and

Venetian point ruffles at the knee, purple silk stockings, black shoes and paste buckles; a Vandyke lace collar, very open at the throat, and fastened with a diamond horseshoe. His rich auburn hair was cut square on the forehead, and fell to the waist in natural curls. The other boy was a contrast in every respect to his friend and ally. Tall and supple, with an olive complexion, fine features, magnificent dark eyes, and hair which would wave, although it was cut very short; he was dressed "after Hamlet," in black velvet doublet and hose, shoes with steel buckles, and a severe cambric collar.

Many parents, wise in their generation, set their faces against these juvenile full-dress balls, and give instead of them two tea-parties, when the guests are invited from four to eight. For these merry gatherings all ultra-perishable materials are strictly forbidden; high frocks and elbow sleeves are *de rigueur*. And yet how charming the little ones look in their demi-toilettes, as a rule home-made, either by a fond mother or clever nurse, who takes a pride in making dainty garments for her nursery idols. From a few yards of nun's cloth, or cashmere of some warm or delicate hue, is made a stylish little costume at a minimum cost.

From a number of charming costumes prepared for a flock of little visitors from London to grandmother in Yorkshire we will give a few. First there were the day frocks, in sets for three nursery graduates; myrtle green serge Princess shape, with plastrons of velvet and fancy green and gold buttons, velvet loops at the back. For out of doors, jackets trimmed with Astrakhan, and toque hats to match. A second morning costume was of deep crimson flannel trimmed with a darker shade of velvet; felt hat, with a corded ribbon band, and a shaded wing. For visiting purposes by day were some most becoming costumes of chestnut brown velvet trimmed with sable, a border round the skirt, cape, collar, and cuffs, hat to match. Any less costly fur might be substituted for sable. As one of the most anxiously looked-for holiday treats was skating, which might safely be anticipated in the North Riding, a special costume was prepared for this pastime. Hessian boots, fur lined and topped, were met by very full knickerbockers of invisible green cloth. Hussar jacket, braided *à la militaire*, and trimmed with silver fox, close-fitting toque of fur; broad leather belt, and silver buckle. As the hands should be free when skating, deep fur cuffs, coming well over the hands, and fur-lined gloves, are far safer than a muff. "The dessert frocks," as the children styled them, were made the one of cream serge, with ruby velvet plastron, and drapery from the side seams to the back; and the ever-useful black velvet trimmed with cream lace, with a wide coloured silk sash, which could be varied half-a-dozen times at least. For special occasions were some charming little dresses of pale-yellow Surah, trimmed with Amore fur and gold lace. The pride of nurse's heart were quilted white cashmere long jackets, lined with white fox, and trimmed with a quarter of a yard deep miniver, with which were worn fur hoods and capes to match, and, to add to their comforts, there were square rugs of white cashmere lined with white fox to wrap round their silk clad legs when driving to a party at some distance from home.

These square wraps will prove very comfortable to all children who wear short frocks, and may be made for ordinary occasions in dark cashmere and fur. They should be marked with the name and address of their owner in one corner of the lining, as children would be apt to leave them behind when sent out unescorted.

Fancy balls are more popular than ever this season, not only for adults, but also for children, and very pretty they are. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a well got-up fancy ball is more expensive than one in modern attire. In this age of tinsel and gold and silver braids and lace, inexpensive but showy brocades, silks and satins, imitation jewellery, which sparkles and looks as well—especially in the distance—as gems of the purest water, dyed furs and feathers, and last, but not least important, well executed sketches by which to be guided in the choice of a special period (historical or fanciful), it is not surprising that costume balls are so much in favour.



THE TURF.—The past "legitimate" season may fairly be said to have been a successful one; there is no diminution of public support to the Turf; and the racing itself has been most interesting. The dead heat for the Derby would alone cause the season of 1884 much to be remembered; but even the handicap struggles will make a mark in Turf history; and a chief feature of this *annus mirabilis* has been the almost unvarying success of heavy weights in the great handicaps run over both long and short distances. Good horses have one after another proved themselves almost indifferent to weight, and several "bests on record" have not only been equalled but excelled. It follows that the truth of the Turf axiom, that "weight will reduce the speed of the racehorse to that of the tortoise," or as Admiral Rous used to put it, "weight will bring a thoroughbred and a donkey together," may now be almost called in question. The horse that has most distinguished himself in the handicap line is St. Gatien—one of the Derby dead-heaters—whose Cesarewitch victory has made him the hero, it may be said, of this Turf generation. Florence, Energy, Prism, and other animals have also distinguished themselves; and though a large number of our thoroughbreds are sadly wanting in stamina, still, after the experience of the past season, even the most infatuated of the *laudator temporis acti* school will be hardly prepared to insist on the superiority of the racehorses of the past over the best of the present time. With such three-year-olds as St. Gatien, St. Simon, Duke of Richmond, and some others in our stables, we may be well satisfied; and among our two-year-olds the performances and appearances of Paradox, Melton, Luminary, and many others which could be named, show that the youngsters who have already been before the public are up to the standard of our best years; and it is known that several "dark" animals, St. Honorat to wit and others, which have yet to make their *début*, are veritable clippers; while hundreds of yearlings, which have been in the sales-rings since the beginning of the season, show plenty of good material still in hand. The season of 1885 has been free from any great scandals, and on the whole the standard of racing morality has not been lowered. This, perhaps, is not saying much, but it is well that this can be said, as there is an almost universal tendency among institutions which have weak points and elements of corruption within them, to show steady and continuous degeneration, if not in *pejus* rueret at a great pace. It may be questioned whether the "jockey ring," about which so much has been said and written, really exists, or at least carries on such extensive operations as alleged. The idea of such a combination of leading jockeys and others "in the swim" with them, is a most painful one for true lovers and supporters of our national sport to have thrust upon them; and all we say is, that if such a nefarious ring exists, it may not only be hoped but believed that the Jockey Club regulations and edict, to which we alluded a fortnight ago, and which will most assuredly be put in force, will have the effect of limiting, if not altogether extinguishing, the malpractices referred to. The interest of the public in racing, as evidenced by its extensive speculations, continues unabated; and, legislate as we will, it is likely to continue till some easier method of gambling is invented for that most inveterate of gamblers—the Britisher. High, low,

rich, and poor, including many women working "on their own hook," throughout the length and breadth of the land, in hundreds of thousands, back horses continuously from the beginning to the end of the racing season, and to an extent which the non-racing public are little aware of. Thousands of ruined homes are the result every year, and the immense army of bookmakers battens on the spoil of the poor deluded speculators who, notwithstanding sad experience, year after year still believe that their luck will change, or that some new "system" of backing will land them winners in the next season. But, after all, the fault in this matter should hardly be laid at the door of the Turf; for if this as an institution were abolished to-morrow, some other medium for gambling would probably soon be developed. It has been seldom of late years that so much winter betting has taken place on the Derby as has been the case recently, Paradox, Melton, Luminary, Kingwood, and several outsiders, notably The Friar, having received substantial support.

CYCLING.—The "Safety" Bicycle Tournament, if it be not too late to refer to it, at the Westminster Aquarium, though admirably conducted, did not attract as many spectators as might have been expected, nor were the "records" anything startling, the performance being rather of the nature of an exhibition than a *bond fide* contest, as shown by the fact that the winner only did 630 miles in the forty-eight hours' riding.

HUNTING.—Another remarkably open pre-Christmas season has to be put on record; and hounds, horses, and riders, to say nothing of foxes, would be all the better for a rest.—It is lamentable to hear that opposition to hunting is still showing itself in an organised form among the foolish "Nationalists," and hound-poisoning seems on the increase. The other day an English officer was knocked off his horse in the hunting field by some ruffians, but when dismounted he pitched into one of them right merrily with his fists, and so frightened the other sneaking cowards that, though challenged, they did not care to "take him on."

SWIMMING.—The Serpentine Christmas Day Morning Handicap, to the decision of which so many swimmers look forward, was won this year by W. Holiday (an appropriate name enough for the occasion), who had a start of 25 sec. in the 100 yards. There were twenty-one competitors, fifteen of whom were representatives of our leading swimming clubs. It was a coldish morning for such sport in the open; but this is the way of the English "boy" of the period—*sudavit et aluit*—and so much the more to his credit.



NEW YEAR'S DAY has never been in England the time of festivity and rejoicing which Continental usage has made of it. The difference does not appear to follow the lines which divide the Latin and Teutonic peoples, for the Americans and the Scotch are not of Latin race, and with them New Year's Day is kept as it is on the Continent. Midnight or "Watch Night" services threatened at one time to become an institution here, but New Year's Eve is simply a secular date, and New Year's Day, except indirectly as the Feast of the *Circumcision*, is not a festival of the Christian year. These services, therefore, are not gaining ground among Church people, while "the worldly" will always have a natural preference for ordinary forms of social jollity. The custom of *étrennes* or presents, whether of cards and so forth, to friends, or of *backsheesh* to dependents is with us connected with Christmas, and there is not much progress towards transferring it to the New Year. And our insular custom may prove the wiser after all. Christmas is a date which cannot be unfixed. Were Christianity to cease to be a living power the date of Christmas would still remain like other dates in history. But New Year's Day may change. Since the time of Alfred we have already had three New Year's Days. The 25th of March and the 1st of that month have each been kept as New Year's Day, and the change to the 1st of January has a shorter usage in its favour than either of the other dates. The astronomers and mathematicians have begun to change our clocks; who knows when they may be moved to "reconsider" the beginning of our years? Certainly, the Vernal Equinox, the 20th of March, appears to be Nature's New Year Day, and so the almost coincident festival of Lady Day may come to have its turn once more.

CHRISTMAS WEATHER has once more failed to mark the Christmas period, for, although the air has been chilly, there has been no frost. Skating there was—on the Cumberland lakes—but not much south of this part. It is a pity that the finest and most graceful of wintry exercises should be so largely impracticable in these islands; and we must be numbered among those who regret the sudden, absolute, and most mysterious disappearance of the rink. The persons who can afford to hunt will always be few as compared with those whose out-of-door winter exercise must needs be of a humbler description. Men, since rinking collapsed, have "gone in" more for football, but as that noble game, whether "Rugby or Association," is little other than a form of combat, the fairer sex are literally "left out in the cold." Now is the time when country houses are filled with guests; and when the ruined abbey has been duly explored, and the three mummies in the county museum been equally duly gazed upon, the want of good open-air exercise for girls as well as men is very largely felt. Even the wealthy do not care to be always riding, and covered courts for tennis and other ball games are an exception at the best-appointed "seats."

FARMERS with the new year will be thinking little of pleasure, and the retrospect which takes the form of adding up accounts for 1884 will seldom prove a solace. The belief in jam as a panacea for agricultural ills is not very intense without the gates of Hawarden Park, and with respect to another industry, even the enthusiastic editor of the *Live Stock Journal* "does not anticipate that we are all to become dairy farmers." He does his best however, in an interesting paper, recently published, to show how those who can become dairy farmers may live, and even thrive thereby. Then with respect to stock-keeping generally. Nine calves, he tells us, must be bred, and we must not only breed more, but also rear more—rear all we breed or nearly so, and rear them well too, for what an animal loses with bad treatment as a calf it can hardly ever fully recover. We should breed from heifers. From all heifers that are suitable, whether intended for cows or not, a couple of calves may be taken, and sometimes a third. A couple of calves in no way spoil the sale of a young heifer if she be plump, level, and well fattened. Early maturity in sheep is a matter to which we may hope to see farmers giving increased attention with the new year, and the rearing of swine has been so gravely neglected that our imports of pork have become a serious money tribute to the foreigner.

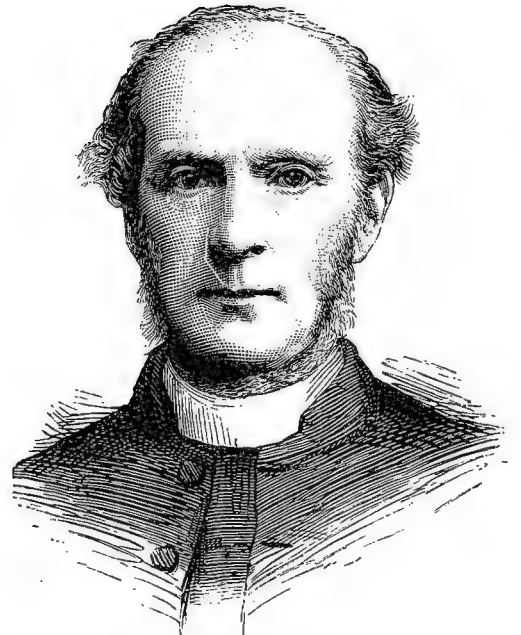
PRICES OF SHORTHORNS in 1884 have more than kept up to their former level. At thirty-six great sales 1,613 head have been sold, and the total realised has been 77,000*l.*, or nearly 48*l.* a head. The average in 1883 was a little under 44*l.*, and 1,518 head realised 69,410*l.* In 1882, the average value was only 34*l.*, and in 1881, only 32*l.*, so that there has been for breeders a progressive advance. The highest average in 1884 (281*l.*), was obtained at Mr. R. E. Oliver's sale; the next best (115*l.*), at Mr. R. Loder's. The Irish sales show the lowest prices, and depress the general average.



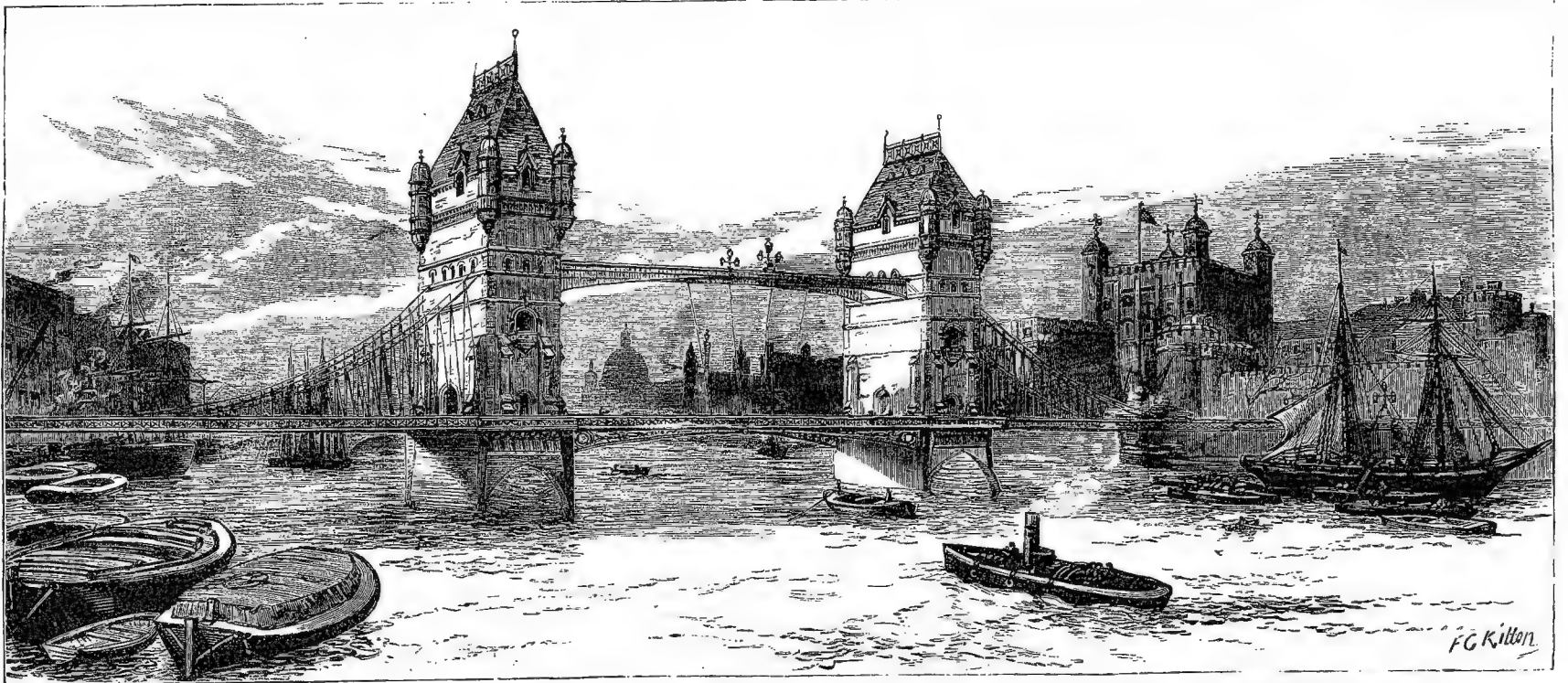
THE HON. ROBERT STOUT
New Premier of New Zealand



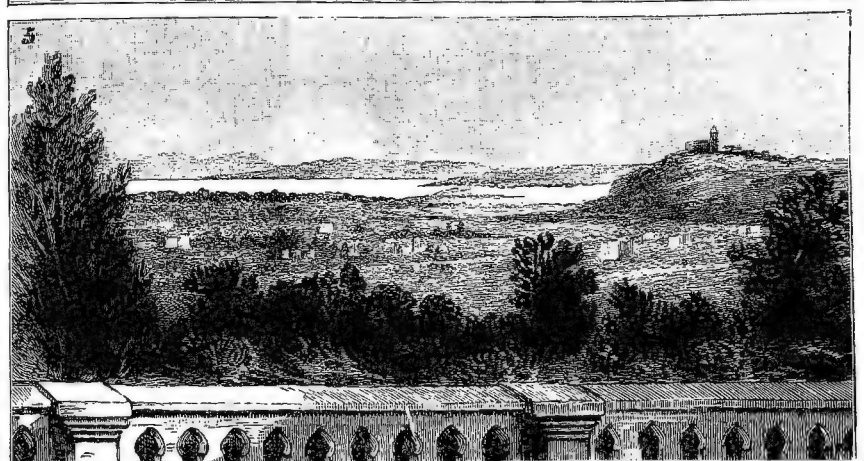
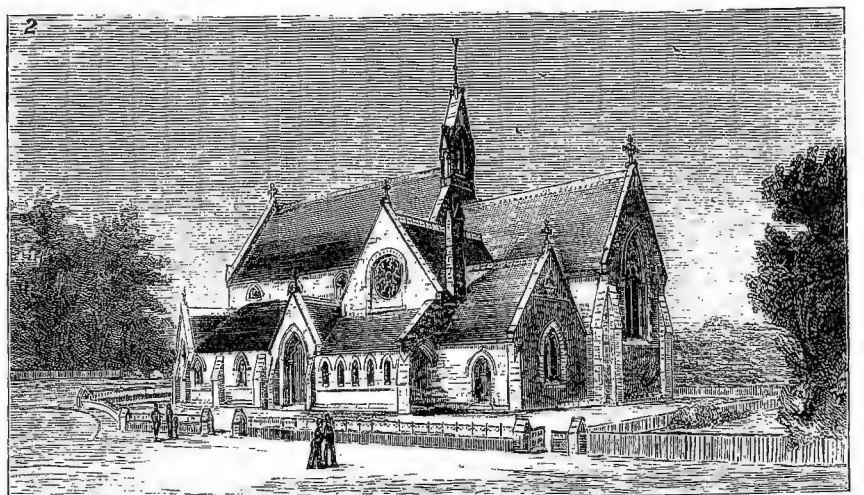
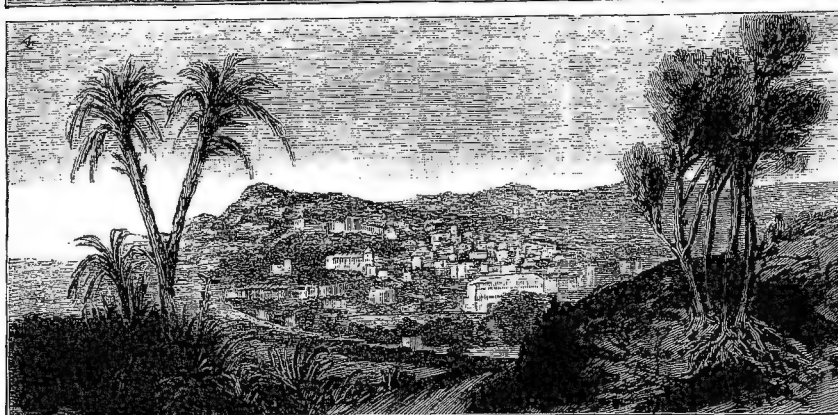
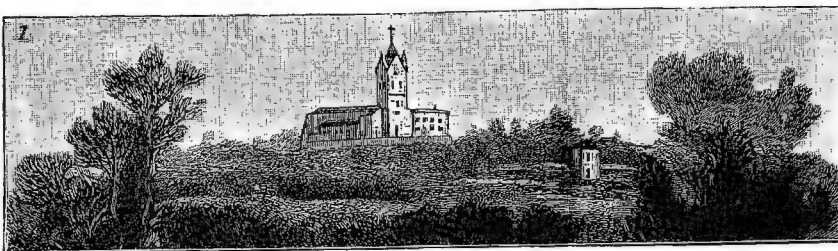
MR. FRANK POWER
Times Correspondent in the Soudan, and for some time
Acting British Consul at Khartoum. Mr. Power was on
Colonel Stewart's Steamer at the time of its Wreck,
and is supposed to have been Massacred
with the others



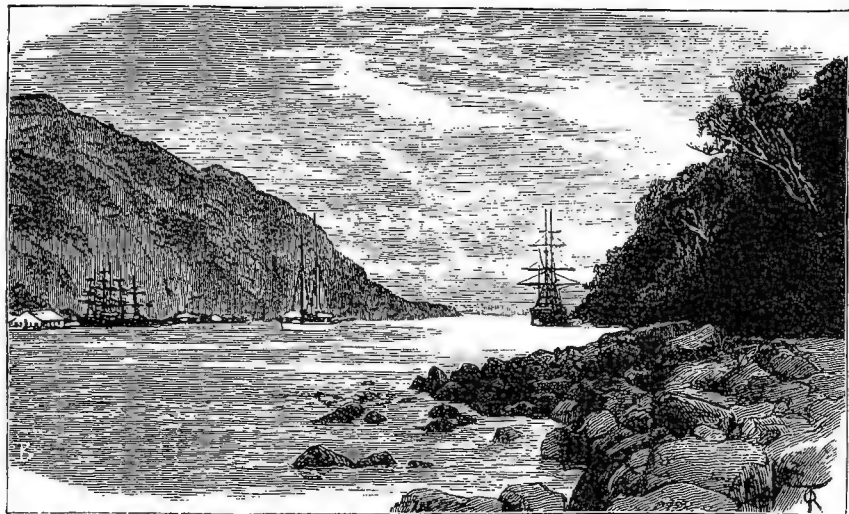
THE RIGHT HON. AND MOST REV. LORD PLUNKET
New Archbishop of Dublin



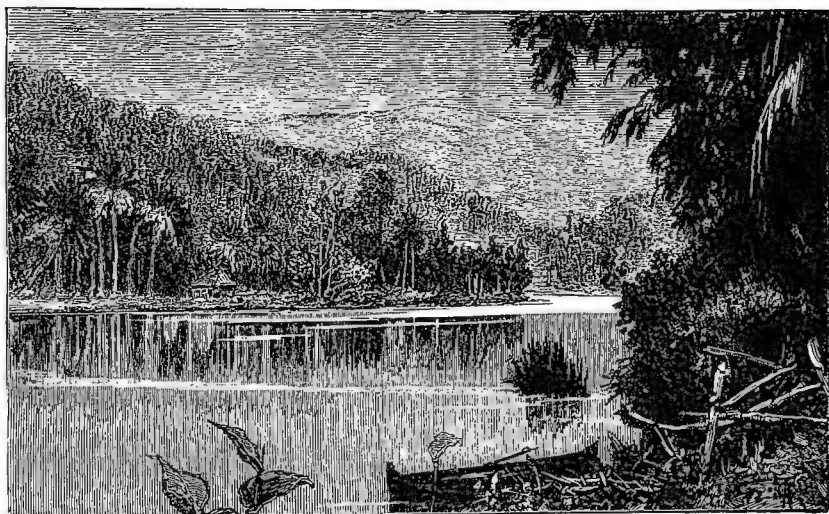
PROPOSED NEW BASCULE BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES FROM IRONGATE STAIRS TO HORSLEYDOWN



1, Ermitage Chapel.—2. The New English Church.—3. Ruins of the Old Château.—4. View of Hyères from Villa Les Rossignols.—5. General View of Hyères.



THE "MARCHESA" AT ANCHOR IN GORONTALO HARBOUR, CELEBES



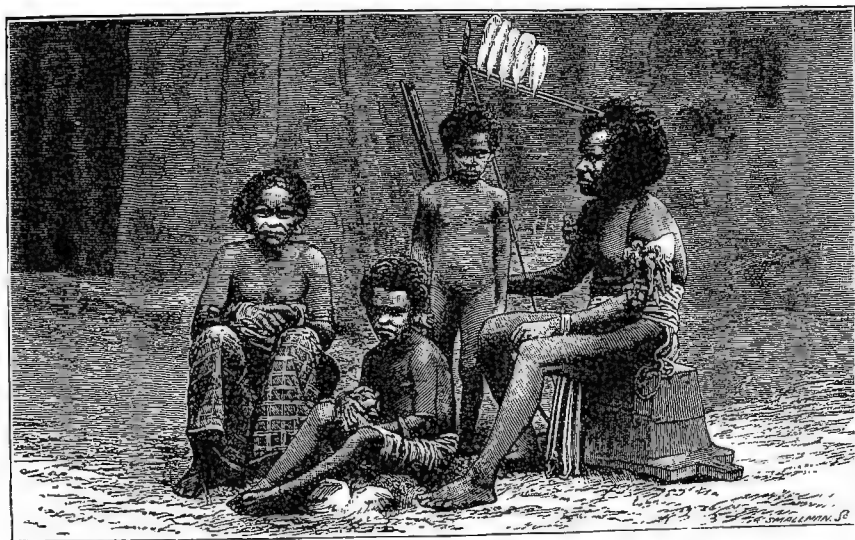
ON THE POGYAMA RIVER, GORONTALO GULF, CELEBES



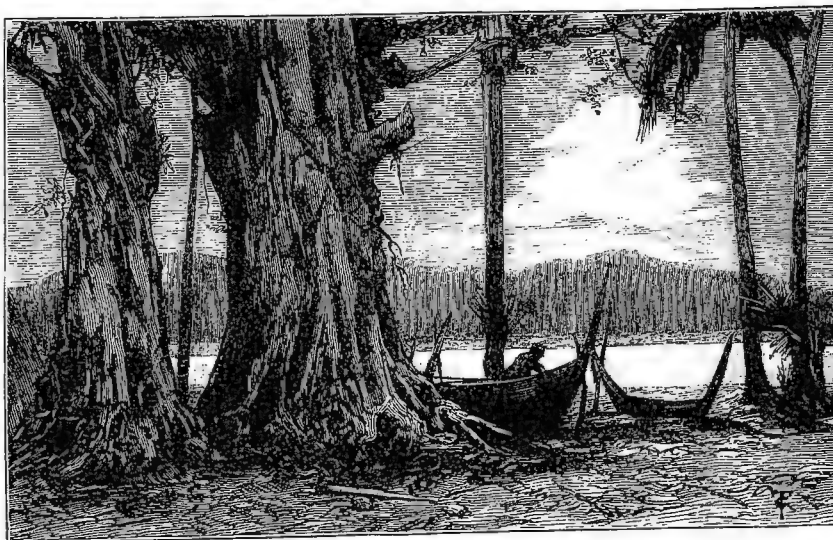
VIEW ON THE POINT OF EFBEE, OPPOSITE MYSOL ISLAND



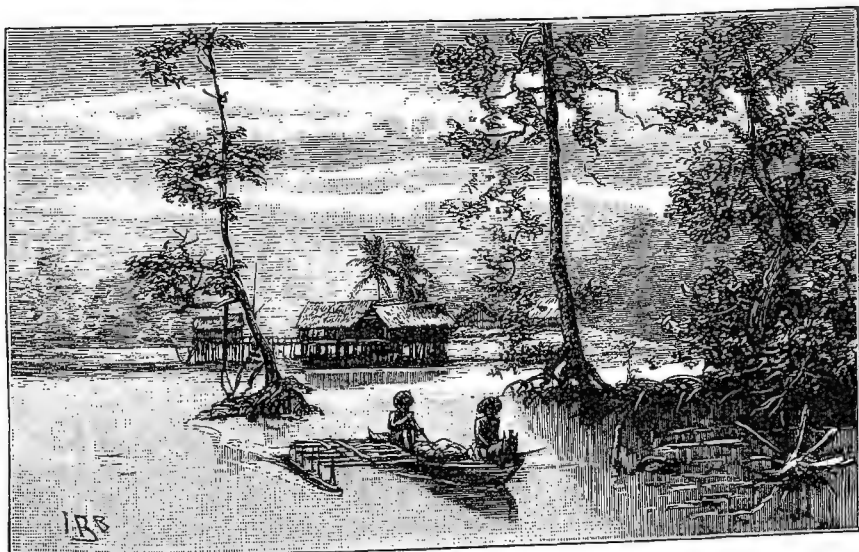
PAPUAN HOUSE, DOREI BAY, NEW GUINEA



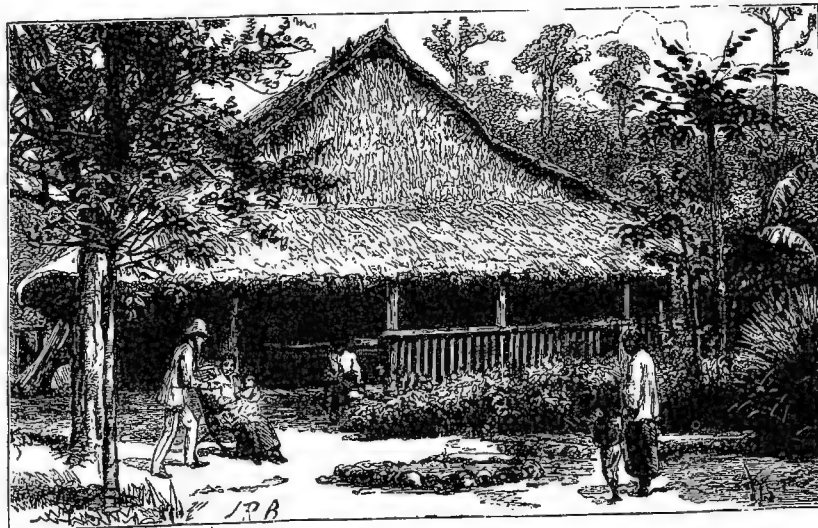
NATIVES OF AMBOBRIDOI, DOREI BAY



VIEW ON THE ISLAND OF EFBEE, MYSOL ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE



VIEW NEAR ANSUS, JOBI ISLAND
THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "MARCHESA" TO CELEBES AND NEW GUINEA



MISSION HOUSE, DOREI BAY



ON NEW YEAR'S EVE there was the usual assemblage in St. Paul's Churchyard to hear the bells "ring out the old, ring in the new." A number of well-attended Watch Night services were held throughout the metropolis.

THE QUEEN has appointed to the Deanery of Gloucester the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, a Liberal Evangelical; and the Rev. H. Robson, Rural Dean of Winchcomb and Vicar of Tewkesbury, a moderate High Churchman, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor a Canon of Bristol, in succession to the late Rev. E. Girdlestone.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has conferred the Canonry in his Cathedral, vacated through the death of Archdeacon Jacob, on his examining Chaplain, the Rev. W. P. Warburton, for many years one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and afterwards of Training Colleges.

On Saturday, the eve of Innocents' Day, there was the usual special service for children in Westminster Abbey. The Dean of Westminster preached, and directed much of his sermon to a recital of anecdotes and legends of the Confessor, who was on his death bed when an earlier church on the site of the present Abbey was consecrated, 800 years ago. The offertory was for the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, the management of which is undenominational.

WYCLIFFE died at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, of which he was Rector, on the 31st December, 1384, so that Wednesday was the quinqucentenary of his death. In various towns throughout the Kingdom, especially at Brighton, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, the event has been suitably commemorated, but no special services were held on Wednesday in the parish church of Lutterworth itself, to which there have been many visitors during the week.

MR. MONTAGUE BURROWS, Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, communicates some interesting information which he has received from a Lancashire antiquary respecting the northern importance of the family of the great Reformer. This is done partly with the object of suggesting that Wycliffe may have received in the way of protection and encouragement a great deal more than was previously surmised from the position and alliances of such a near relative as his brother, Sir Roger de Wycliffe, a knight who had fought at Cressy and Poitiers, and the head of a house which had a large connection with the leading people of the district. Their father, too, held a command at the battle of Neville's Cross. Mr. Burrows also thinks that the history of the Reformer's family may help to account for Wycliffe's extraordinary spirit and courage.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED, at his house in Kensington, and in his seventy-fifth year, of the Rev. W. H. Channing, the nephew and biographer of the celebrated Dr. Channing, and himself a Unitarian divine of some eminence. He was the author of several theological works, a copious contributor to periodicals, the translator of Jouffroy's *Ethics*, and co-operated with Emerson in the production of a biography of Margaret Fuller (Ossoli).

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT for 1884 of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, there are in London 210 burial-grounds not built over, closed for burial and to the public. It is to throwing these open for public use that the efforts of Lord Brabazon's most useful organisation will in the future be mainly directed.



THE chronicler of the Christmas performances at our theatres has now-a-days but little to note in the way of absolute novelty. Not that the fashion of going to the play in the Christmas holidays is in a declining way ; on the contrary, it is certain that there were never more playgoers at Christmas time than there are in these days. But managers and authors have cause to perceive that the holiday folk care much less about an absolutely new piece than about good entertainment. Added to this, the boisterous mood of a Boxing Night audience, though good-natured in spirit, is not favourable to attentive consideration of the merits of a new play. Pantomime is the only exception to these principles, and pantomime, though flourishing in the suburbs in greater vigour than ever, is now only represented by one theatre of the higher class.

As a spectacle *Dick Whittington* at DRURY LANE may safely challenge comparison with previous productions upon the same stage. The Lord Mayor's Show, with its allegorical groups representing the lively companies of the City of London will probably prove something more than a nine days' wonder, while still more pleasing from a romantic point of view is the scene representing Highgate in the olden time. Dick appears at the famed milestone at evening time. The reapers leave the adjoining fields and wend their way homewards, a huntsman, with his dog at a gate, who has been standing contemplating a glim of the future prospect of rich cornfields and stately windmills, in his turn disappears, and Dick, falling asleep, has visions of his future career as the bells ring out their peal of hope and encouragement, and elves and sprites disport themselves in the early dawn. Quite a poetical scene is breathed into this portion of the representation which nothing is allowed to mar, and to many doubtless it will be a matter for regret that the immortal legend is not presented throughout in a similar guise. It may be said, however, of Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Harry Nicholls, who mainly supply the comic part of the entertainment, that their drolleries are harmless enough. As a female cook of a shrewish disposition and an idle apprentice respectively they have abundant opportunities of tickling the ears of the groundlings, and they sing a topical song of the kind which seems as much *à rigueur* in the opening part of a pantomime as the policeman in the harlequinade. Miss Fannie Leslie acts and sings with characteristic spirit as the hero of the legend, and Miss Kate Munroe brings to the impersonation of the heroine an air of refinement not always associated with similar performances. In a subordinate part, Mr. James J. Powers, an American actor of rather an original turn of humour, proves decidedly amusing, and Mr. Charles Jauri, jun., as Whittington's cat contributes a characteristic sketch of brute intelligence differing in no essential feature from his efforts in previous years. The ballets are on a very elaborate scale.

At COVENT GARDEN, pantomime this year has been supplanted by a "Grand International Cirque," under the management of Mr. William Holland. There is some exceedingly good riding in the ring, particularly by Mr. Hernandez, who, not untruthfully, is termed a champion bare-backed rider and somersault thrower. No less successful and agile is Mr. George Batty, who, in jockey dress and top boots, did some exceedingly clever equestrian feats on a bare-backed horse. In fact, one of the chief features of the riding is that the round ungainly flat saddle is abandoned. There is one exception, however, in favour of the Princess Lillian—a clever baboon which rides as skilfully, and in some cases more so, than her human col-

leagues. Another monkey performer is Ally Sloper, which, shown off by the clown Felix, goes through some highly amusing tricks. All the animal performers are eclipsed by Mr. Adam Forepaugh's clown elephant who, after showing off some clever tricks, shares the lunch and liquor of his master with the most ludicrous assurance. His habit of trumpeting his remonstrances and thanks is irresistibly comic. The performance concludes with a spectacle entitled *St. George and the Dragon; or, the Seven Champions of Christendom*. The costumes are resplendent, and the children-actors are clever, but the singing can hardly be heard to advantage in so vast an arena. As St. George's Squire, Toby Twinkle, Master S. Solomon, deserves special commendation for his acting and distinct utterance.

At the CRYSTAL PALACE Mr. Augustus Harris again provides the pantomime, which once more portrays the adventures of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. The piece is as tastefully mounted as ever, and although, perhaps, hardly as rich in comic incidents as usual, is capably acted throughout. Miss Emily Duncan makes a handsome and spirited Jack, while his mother is portrayed with genuine, broad, but not vulgar, fun by Mr. W. Morgan. Jack's servant, Silly Billy, is of course Mr. John D'Auban, whose acrobatic drollery is always good. Mr. Alfred West, as a dog, also is wonderfully amusing; but canine experts are puzzled to know to what species he belongs. Of the ladies, Miss Emma D'Auban is an essentially graceful Spirit of Pantomime, while the heroine, the Princess Heartsease, who is carried off by the Giant and finally rescued by Jack, is prettily played by Miss Annie Poole. The Giants are awe-inspiring, and when in bed reached the width of the stage. Their aspect when they sit up and roared is truly terrifying, the figures being perfect specimens of stage mechanism. The scenery is effective and the dancing is good; but the set ballets are perhaps a little too lengthy for the taste of children, while the harlequinade is proportionately too short, especially with so good a Clown as the Great Little Rowella.

Messrs. Conquest and Merritt's pantomime at the SURREY is an excellent one. Its humours, sustained by Mr. Victor Stevens, Mr. H. Edmunds, and other members of the numerous company, are both abundant and free from the coarseness which of yore was apt to disfigure pieces of this sort; while in point of splendour of scenery, brilliant costumes, and those picturesque combinations which are the triumph of stage management, we have no hesitation in saying that it could not be excelled. We presume it was the great length of the performance which suggested on Saturday evening the omission of the first scene between the two negroes, Cæsar and Pompey, represented by Messrs. Wade and Waller, which, at the preliminary representation on Christmas Eve, had proved so diverting. There are few items in the whole performance, however, which we could not more willingly spare than this richly comic duologue, with its intensely ludicrous climax. The negro colloquy, with the story of "O-pun the door," should certainly be restored at any price short of encroaching upon the splendour and picturesqueness of the Cave of Jewels, the Fountains of Liquid Gems, the China Palace, or the Enchanted Palace of Aladdin, with their elaborate and beautiful ballets. Report also speaks favourably of the attractions of *King Koo-koo*, at the BRITANNIA; of *Cinderella*, at the STANDARD; of *Puss in Boots* at the GRAND Theatre, Islington; and of some other of the pieces of the same class at the outlying houses.

At SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE the *Pantomime of Old Dame Trot, or Harlequin Godiva and Peeping Tom*, by Oswald Allan, is full of novelty and vivacity. The plot is curiously interwoven with the doings of Mother Hubbard (Mr. Harry Malcolm) with a splendid white poodle, Dame Trot (Mr. Harry Stuart) with her cat, the wicked Earl Leofric (Mr. Fred. Shepherd), Lady Godiva (Miss Lizzie Kelsey), Peeping Tom (Mr. Edward Falcon), St. George (Miss Carrie Lee Stoyke), the Seven Champions and the Dragon. Mother Hubbard and Dame Trot are especially good, but the chief interest of the performance lies in the zoological portion of the cast, as numerous animals of all species enter into the spirit of the pantomime. One kangaroo actually runs, and placing his fore-paws on the Chinaman's (Mr. Dickenson's) shoulders, and executes a very creditable polka, while the pelicans, which steal the dinner at a picnic, in the most amusing manner hold their own despite the frantic gesticulations and cries of the holiday-makers. Of the two most noteworthy scenes one represents the Streets of Coventry in the olden time, the other a grand Zoological Display, in which a ballet of birds is introduced, one ostrich running round in time with the music. The whole pantomime is carefully and cleverly arranged.

Mr. E. Terry has returned to town, after a long professional tour in the country, bringing with him a piece written expressly for his use by Mr. Pinero, which is likely to be one of the most successful of recent productions at the Gaiety. *In Chancery* is one of those prolonged pieces that are now in so much favour with audiences who crave for light entertainment. *The Rocket* was diverting; but in the present venture Mr. Pinero has been far more happy, and certainly far more original. Probably there was no covert intention of satirising those psychological pretensions which are fast becoming the current cant of dramatists and story-tellers; yet something of this sort may possibly lurk in the notion of Mr. Terry's loss of memory after a shaking received in a railway accident, and his consequent hazy notions regarding his previous history and present identity. The play is any way very droll, and the acting of Miss Broughton, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Dallas, Miss Clara Jecks, and other performers engaged in it, contributed much to sustain the fun. *In Chancery* is followed by Mr. Yardley's new burlesque-parody, *Very Little Hamlet*, in which Mr. Terry succeeds to Mr. J. I. Shine's part of the moody actor who plays the Ghost. We need hardly say that Miss E. Farren continues to exhibit her boundless vivacity and varied talents in her original character of the gallery boy who vowed that he would take the Princess's Theatre one day and play the part of Hamlet.

Mr. Edward Rose's comedy, based upon a German piece, and produced under the title of *That Young Man at a matinee* at the VAUDEVILLE last week, proved to be a rather feeble and pointless satire upon what is known as "society journalism." The evils which Mr. Rose has taken upon himself to hold up to reprobation have, no doubt, some foundation in fact, but his personages and their proceedings are without recognisable *vraisemblance*, and his satirical hits are certainly at times rather wide of the mark. The best feature in the performance is Mr. Rose's own impersonation of an awkward, good-natured, and by no means stupid young gentleman, whose straightforward outspokenness proves a foil to the evil designs of a villain who had counted on making him his tool.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.—As is usual on Boxing Day, the GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL was crowded from floor to ceiling to witness the entertainment of this renowned troupe. Among the new songs which were sung during the first portion of the programme those which pleased us best was "Good Old Friends," "There will be Lovers," "Good Night, but not Good Bye," and "Over the Sea," respectively delivered by Messrs. Dorman, Vernon Reed, Ralph Hunt, and Edgar Wilson. With such an excellent band, efficient chorus, and fine voices as are possessed by this company, almost anything sounds well; but it is very difficult to be always producing something new which shall also be good, and we venture to think that Messrs. Moore and Burgess would please their holiday audiences if, instead of perpetually striving after novelty, they would give some of the favourite old negro ditties such as (*teste* Lord Malmesbury) used to delight the ear of Mr. Gladstone five-and-twenty

years ago. Mr. John P. Wise's acrobatic feats, the skating eccentricities of Messrs. Moe, the banjo-playing of Mr. E. French, and the humours of Mr. Ernest Linden and others in a quadrille danced by negro mashers and masheresses, were the most notable features of the second portion of a very enjoyable programme.

The Messrs. TUSSAUD have been able this Christmas to accommodate a largely-increased throng of visitors in their new and handsomely-fitted building near the Baker Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway. The renowned collection of waxworks is also constantly receiving additions. To the holiday visitors the models of officers serving in Egypt, General Gordon, the late Colonel Stewart, and the Mahdi were objects of special attraction. The same may be said of a life-like representation of Captain Dudley of the *Mignonette*, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Gibbons, who was recently sentenced to death (though now respited) for shooting her husband at Uxbridge.

THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM provides a variety of entertainments to suit holiday tastes. Acrobatic and musical feats, ventriloquism, dances, and a strong sprinkling of the nigger element form an amusing medley, supplemented by the Christmas "fairly spectacle" *Cinderella*. The old nursery tale is prettily represented in the arena, chiefly by children, whose appearance in the Prince's ballroom as the representatives of all nations is the most attractive feature of the piece. A capital tiny John Bull, General Gordon, and Lord Wolsley are naturally the popular favourites.

At the EGYPTIAN HALL Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's Christmas programme includes a new sketch, entitled *The Fakirs of Benares*, in which Mr. Maskelyne introduces some of those ingenious illusions with which his name is specially associated; while Mr. Verne's ventriloquism, and the spiritualistic sketch, *Mrs. Daffodil Donovan's Séance*, both afford agreeable diversion.



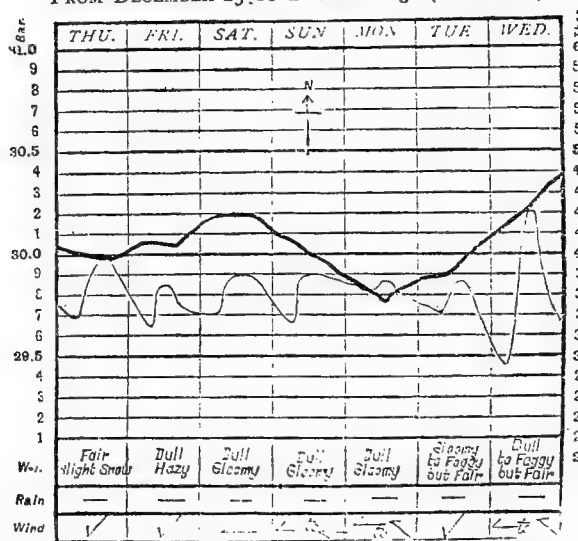
THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED OF MR. WILLIAM OVEREND, Q.C., Benchet of Lincoln's Inn, who was called to the Bar in 1857, and became leader of the Midland Circuit. A Conservative and a Yorkshireman, he was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Sheffield, and once for that of East Derbyshire. In 1859 he was returned for Pontefract, but resigned his seat in consequence of some differences with his Committee.

IN THE SECOND of his two Travers Lectures on "The Laws of Carriage," delivered this week at the London Institution, Mr. Montague Shearman discussed some interesting points in the legal relations between railway companies and railway passengers. One of his most instructive remarks was that railway companies were bound to find room for all (in a fit condition, of course) who present themselves at a starting-point, but not at intermediate stations, in the latter case, however, the company being bound to forward the passenger by the first train that comes (if there be room in it, presumably), whether he holds a regular or an excursion ticket. It is well, too, for the public to know, on the authority of a Travers Lecturer, that a railway company's bye-laws are not laws of the land, and that any unreasonable or oppressive bye-law may be resisted by the passenger.

THE DEEPENING of the channel of the Clyde, which has done so much for its navigation and for the prosperity of the Port of Glasgow, seems to have its esthetic disadvantages. Lord Blantyre claims from the Clyde trustees 100,000*l.* damages for having, in the course of their dredging operations, converted into a swamp what was formerly the sandy foreshore of his "residential" property ten miles down the river from Glasgow. Sir Henry Hunt is acting as arbitrator, and counsel of eminence are engaged on both sides.

MRS. GIBBONS, sentenced to death for the murder of her husband near Uxbridge, has been respited during Her Majesty's pleasure. Efforts are to be made to procure an investigation of the case by the Law Officers of the Crown, in view of the possibility that she was wrongfully convicted of murder.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM DECEMBER 25 TO DECEMBER 31 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS. -- The weather during the past week has been quiet, cold, dull, and dry generally. During the early part of the period a band of high pressure stretched from the extreme west of Ireland across the country to North Germany, while systems of low pressure existed in the south of France and north of Scandinavia. The winds were light in Scotland and moderate elsewhere, and blew from the northward at most parts generally, but afterwards from the westward and south westward at the northern, and from the north-eastward and eastward at the southern stations. The weather on the whole was very dull and misty, but, with the exception of a few slight showers of cold rain or sleet, dry generally. After Saturday (22th ult.), the long anticyclonic area almost entirely dispersed, the highest barometrical readings being found at Sigtuna, Sweden, and finally in the north-east of Scotland, where the value was as high as 30.9 inches on Wednesday, 30th ult.; while large areas of relatively low readings lay along the south-western and western coasts. The weather showed no marked change, except that the mist and gloom increased somewhat. Easterly breezes continued to blow over England, south-easterly in Ireland, and southerly in Scotland, but on Tuesday (30th ult.) a shift to the northward occurred over England. At the close of the week the barometer was falling in the west, but rising in the east, so that gradients over our islands became somewhat steeper than of late, and the southerly wind freshened considerably at our western stations, with rain in Ireland. Temperature has been some degrees below the average at most places, the lowest reading (23°) being registered at Oxford and Cambridge on Wednesday morning (30th ult.). The barometer was highest (30.35 inches) on Wednesday (31st ult.); lowest (29.77 inches) on Monday (29th ult.); range, 0.58 inches. Temperature was highest (44°) on Wednesday (31st ult.); lowest (27°) on Wednesday (31st ult.); range, 15°. No rain has fallen.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

VISITORS to the late Fisheries Exhibition will remember a certain tank of water in which was floating, and turning round and round by means of an artificial current, a model vessel. The tank and its moving water represented the restless ocean, and the boat was supposed to be one of those floating beacons, or lightships, which are so common round our coasts. The object of the exhibit was to show experimentally that a telegraphic cable could be so arranged that it would not twist or chafe, whatever might be the amount of movement to which the ship to which it was attached might be subjected. A bell-push on the margin of the mimic ocean and a communicating bell on the model vessel completely demonstrated this, and few visitors passed the tank without testing the reality of the communication for themselves.

This method of telegraphic communication between a lightship and the shore has just been established experimentally on a far larger scale, and the results achieved are so satisfactory that we may hope that before long it may be permanently applied to all the floating beacons on our coasts. The experimental trial of the system is at the Sunk Light Vessel, which is situated at about nine miles from Walton-on-the-Naze, to which place the other end of the telegraphic cable is carried. The usual telegraphic instruments work perfectly, as it might be expected they would do. But it was not anticipated that telephonic communication would be found as easy of establishment as it really is. The Sunk Lightship is stationed amid a nest of dangerous sands, and in the event of a vessel running ashore upon one of them, the information can now be quickly telegraphed to the mainland, so that the lifeboats from various near stations can at once proceed to the work of rescue. It is believed that the system will lead to much saving of life and property. The work has been carried out by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, under the auspices of the Trinity House authorities.

Dr. Zulinski, of Warsaw, has published the results of a series of experiments which he has made upon human beings and animals, with a view to determining the physiological effects of tobacco smoke. From these we learn that the habit of "swallowing the smoke" is most hurtful, but its simple inhalation, after the manner of most smokers, is not injurious, unless carried to excess. But

much depends upon the nature of the weed and the manner in which it is used, whether in the form of cigar, cigarette, or pipe: the first being the most hurtful, and the last the least so. If the pipe, too, be in connection with a water vessel, so that the smoke is washed before its entry to the mouth, the deleterious effects of the tobacco are reduced to a minimum. Dr. Zulinski utters a note of warning against the use of hot tobaccos like French "Caporal" and some kinds of English "Bird's-eye." He believes that the slight inflammation of the tongue caused by the heat will, in some cases, be not unlikely to lead to cancer.

The scavengers who so leisurely spoon the sludge from our roads into the carts provided by the parish have a happy knack of favouring the unwary pedestrian with unwished-for specimens of the unsavoury compound. For this and other reasons all will welcome the introduction of a machine, which not only sweeps the road clean, but which gathers unto itself the liquid refuse without splashing it about. The apparatus consists of a series of brushes in connection with a receiver. Between the two is a set of iron scoops, or baskets, which ascend and descend on endless chains, like those commonly seen attached to Thames dredging machines. The road wheels upon which the contrivance travels puts the whole of the apparatus in motion, but either brushes or scoops can be thrown out of gear when required. The machine has recently been tried at the West End, in the presence of the members of St. George's Vestry, and worked in every respect most satisfactorily.

A Crematorium is now being built in New York at a cost of ten thousand dollars, which may possibly serve as a model for erections of the same kind in other places. It is in the form of a Greek temple, and measures 72 by 40 feet. The furnace is so constructed that no smoke, or other evidences of burning, will be apparent. The basement contains a cold chamber, where bodies can be kept in cases where friends and mourners have to travel from a distance, and a warm chamber, which can be used in cases of suspended animation. There is also a chamber set apart where autopsies can be conducted, should in any case the cause of death be suspected to be due to foul play. In the course of a recent discussion upon the subject of Cremation, Sir T. Spencer Wells, its champion in England, remarked that "it was not desired to force the system upon those unwilling to adopt it, but it was desirable to convince the public mind that the burial of the dead was injurious to the living. It was

a reform which must come, or the dead would drive the living out of the country. Acre after acre would be taken up, air and water would be poisoned, and we should have another plague if we did not soon adopt the proposed method of disposing of the dead."

A new local anæsthetic, called Cucain, has been accidentally discovered, which it is believed will form a valuable addition to the surgeon's resources. A student in Vienna happened to get a small portion of the alkaloid into his eye, and found to his surprise that it rendered the organ almost immediately insensitive to pain. This circumstance led to experiment, and it was later on demonstrated that a very weak solution applied to mucous membranes—the part being painted with the solution twice or thrice at intervals of a few minutes—produced anæsthesia, which lasted for about half an hour.

The otherwise unfortunate rupture between Professor Tyndall and the Trinity House has had the good effect of bringing into unwonted prominence the important question of lighthouse illumination. It seems that those mostly interested in the subject, our pilots and mariners, are in favour of gas rather than electricity as a light source. They say that in clear weather the electric light is far too dazzling (any one who has crossed the channel between Dover and Calais at night must be inclined to agree with them. The two lights at the South Foreland, when seen from mid-channel, appear to the inexperienced eye to be but a mile off). On the other hand, during foggy weather the electric light is not half so serviceable as gas. In truth the mariner does not want a blinding glare, but a reliable beacon or two, which will guide him aright in both clear and dull weather. The pilots of the port of New York, it is said, are unanimous in their condemnation of the Electric Light at Hell Gate, and would far rather have a less intense illuminant to guide them in the right way.

A proposal has been brought before the French Academy of Science to construct a sewer to convey the sewage of the capital to the sea, pumping stations being established where required. The cost of the undertaking is estimated at between two and three millions sterling, but a large proportion of the expense would be met by the sale of sewage for irrigation. It is stated that during eight months out of the twelve the sewage would be entirely intercepted for agricultural purposes without reaching the coast at all. Well would it be if the question of London Sewage could be so easily disposed of, even on paper. T. C. H.

MAGAZINES for the NEW YEAR.

NEW VOLUMES NOW COMMENCING. The *Spectator*, Dec. 29, 1884, says—"So much trouble is taken with these periodicals, so much ability is at the disposal of their conductors, that it is difficult to bestow the praise which is really deserved without seeming extravagant."

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(IN NICKEL CASE).

PRICE 21s. LADIES' SIZE, 25s.

STERLING SILVER CASES, 30s.

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This Watch is the best and Cheapest in the market. It is a

RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER.

Horizontal Movement, Jewelled, and well finished, Crystal Glass. Invaluable for Riding, Boating, Cricketing, &c., as also for Schoolboys' wear.

PERRY and CO. (Limited).

STEEL PEN MAKERS.

18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct.

London.

COACHING.—NOTICE.—"The

WONDER COACH" was on Saturday, the 6th of December, taken off the road, after a most successful season of 32 weeks, running daily (Sundays excepted), viz., 16 weeks between Eastbourne and Brighton, and 16 weeks between London and St. Alban's, during which time the Coach carried no less than 1,920 passengers, and covered nine thousand six hundred miles without having a single accident of any kind. Mr. Rumney, the proprietor of the "Wonder," hopes to be on the road again early in the spring of 1885. See future notices.

CHAPMAN and CO.'S

FIRST GREAT CLEARANCE

SALE

OF THEIR CHOICE

NEW STOCK OF SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS

AND DRESS FABRICS.

£100,000!

SILKS.

£20,000 worth of Black and all Colours, Plain and Broché, from 83d. to 7s. 11d., all reduced. Wonderful Black Gros Grains, 1s. 9d. per yard.

SATINS.

£20,000 worth of Black and Colours, Plain, Stamped, and Broché, 103d. to 6s. 11d. Wonderful Black Satin, 1s. 9d. per yard.

VELVETS.

£15,000 worth Black Silk Velvet, 1s. 9d. to 8s. 11d. per yard. 22-inch Coloured Silk Gown Velvets, half value, 5s. 6d. per yard.

VELVETEENS.

£15,000 worth, for which we are more celebrated than any other Merchant. Nonpareil, and every known make, 1s. 9d. to 3s. 9d. per yard.

DRESSES.

£20,000 worth of British and Foreign Manufacture, from 5s. 11d. to 11s. 11d. the Dress. Celebrated Cashmeres, most beautiful quality, 1s. 9d. per yard.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

CHAPMAN and CO.'S 1½ GUINEA PARCEL of

HOUSEHOLD LINEN, Containing

1 Pair Real Heavy White Blankets, 3½ yards long, 2½ yards wide

1 Handsome Honeycomb Quilt, with Fringe Border, 2½ yards long, 2½ yards wide

1 Pair Superior White Sheets, ready hemmed, 3 yards long, 2½ yards wide

1 Large-size Tea Table Cloth, with Ornamental Red Border

1 Honeycomb Toilet Covers, 10 each Quilt

1 White Linen Chamber Towels, Superior Quality

BUNDLES OF REMNANTS.

SPECIAL VALUE.

In consequence of the vast accumulation of Remnants, we are glad to dispose of them at ridiculous prices. We are now selling Bundles of Remnants, 50 yards for 25s. The lengths range from 3 yards to 10 yards, and are of great service to Children. Many of the pieces are less than One Third of their proper value.

Bundles sent on approbation and not approved may be returned. 50 yards for 25s.

All Orders receive prompt attention, being despatched immediately upon receipt. PATTERNS of all Goods sent POST FREE to any part of the World. To avoid delay Cash should accompany all Orders.

CHAPMAN and CO., NOTTING HILL, W.

THE TELEION COLLAR.

KEEPS ANY CRAVAT IN PROPER POSITION. SAVES PINNING AND EVERY OTHER DISCOMFORT. "CAPTAIN JACQUES, PATENTEE," ON EACH COLLAR. SOLD EVERYWHERE. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

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EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.

JAMES EPPS and CO., Homœopathic Chemists.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

Is the best TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the Teeth, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath; contains no acid or gritty substances. Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

£10,000 worth Manchester Goods, Broché, Zephyrs, Scotch Ginghams, 43d. to 83d.

COSTUMES and MANTLES.

The remaining Stock of Made-up Dresses and Mantles to be cleared at less than half cost. A few Children's Costumes and Mantles will be sold at any price.

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Every Article in this Department, for Ladies' and Children's use, enormously reduced. All the Flannel and Knitted Woollen Goods in the above will be found the cheapest ever seen.

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The Stock of Furs is unusually heavy this Season, and will be sold at a great sacrifice. A Wonderful Bargain is offered in Ladies' Fur-lined Cloaks, Cashmere Lined Squirrel, 21s., worth 42s. Ladies' Shoulder Capes, in Black Raccoon and other Furs, 18 inches deep, 5s. 11d.

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Is the best TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the Teeth, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath; contains no acid or gritty substances. Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO.

FREE TO ALL.

THIS ELEGANT PEARL SHELL NECKLACE AND BRACELET.

The beautiful Pearl Shell Necklace and Bracelet here illustrated are imported from the Congo River, Africa. Our design shows one end of necklace. They are 16 inches long, and bracelet is regular size. The design conveys only a faint idea of their beauty and elegance. They are composed of a large number of beautiful Pearl Shells, and neatly joined together by the natives of that wonderful new country. They are very beautiful and fashionable, and there is nothing about them to tarnish or wear out. Every lady ought to have one of these beautiful Necklaces and Bracelets. We will now tell you how you can obtain them FREE of cost. We publish a most charming Illustrated literary weekly family paper called the "GOLDEN ARGOSY," the circulation of which we are ambitious to increase to 100,000. To accomplish this we now make the following wonderful liberal offer: Upon receipt of only twenty-six stamps, or Postal Order for 2s., we will send the "Golden Argosy" for Thirteen Weeks, post paid, to any address, and to every subscriber we will also send FREE and post paid, the beautiful PEARL SHELL NECKLACE and BRACELET above described. Remember, the Necklace and Bracelet cost you nothing—they are sent free as a premium with the "Golden Argosy." The "Golden Argosy" is a finely illustrated Family Story Paper, printed on fine paper, and containing the choicest reading matter, embracing serial and short stories, sketches, poems, useful knowledge, history, biography, wit and humour, etc. You will be delighted with it, as well as with the elegant and valuable premiums. This is undoubtedly the most liberal offer ever made by any reliable publisher, and no family can afford to miss it. Every subscriber is guaranteed more than three times the value of money sent, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we will cheerfully refund the amount. This GOLDEN opportunity is only offered, the publishers believing that by thus introducing the "Golden Argosy" in new homes for three months, that they will become regular subscribers, and continue to subscribe to it and introduce it to the notice of their friends. Send Stamps or Postal Order. Address—THE "GOLDEN ARGOSY" Co., 11, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

HONEY'S OIL HEATING

STOVES.

THE MULCIBER (Regd.).

Manufactured in Ceramic Ware. These Stoves are designed and made specially for William H. Honey, Esq., of H.R.H. Princess Louise.

They burn any mineral oil free from smoke or smell, and are fitted with containers to burn 18 hours at the cost of 1d. for five hours. Suitable for heating large spaces, halls, dining and drawing rooms, bedrooms, conservatories, &c.

Price in Ceramic, glazed Brown or Green, 25s.

Best Refined Oil for ditto, Government test, 1s. 6d. per gallon, in six and ten-gallon drums. By the cask, 40 gallons, carriage paid.

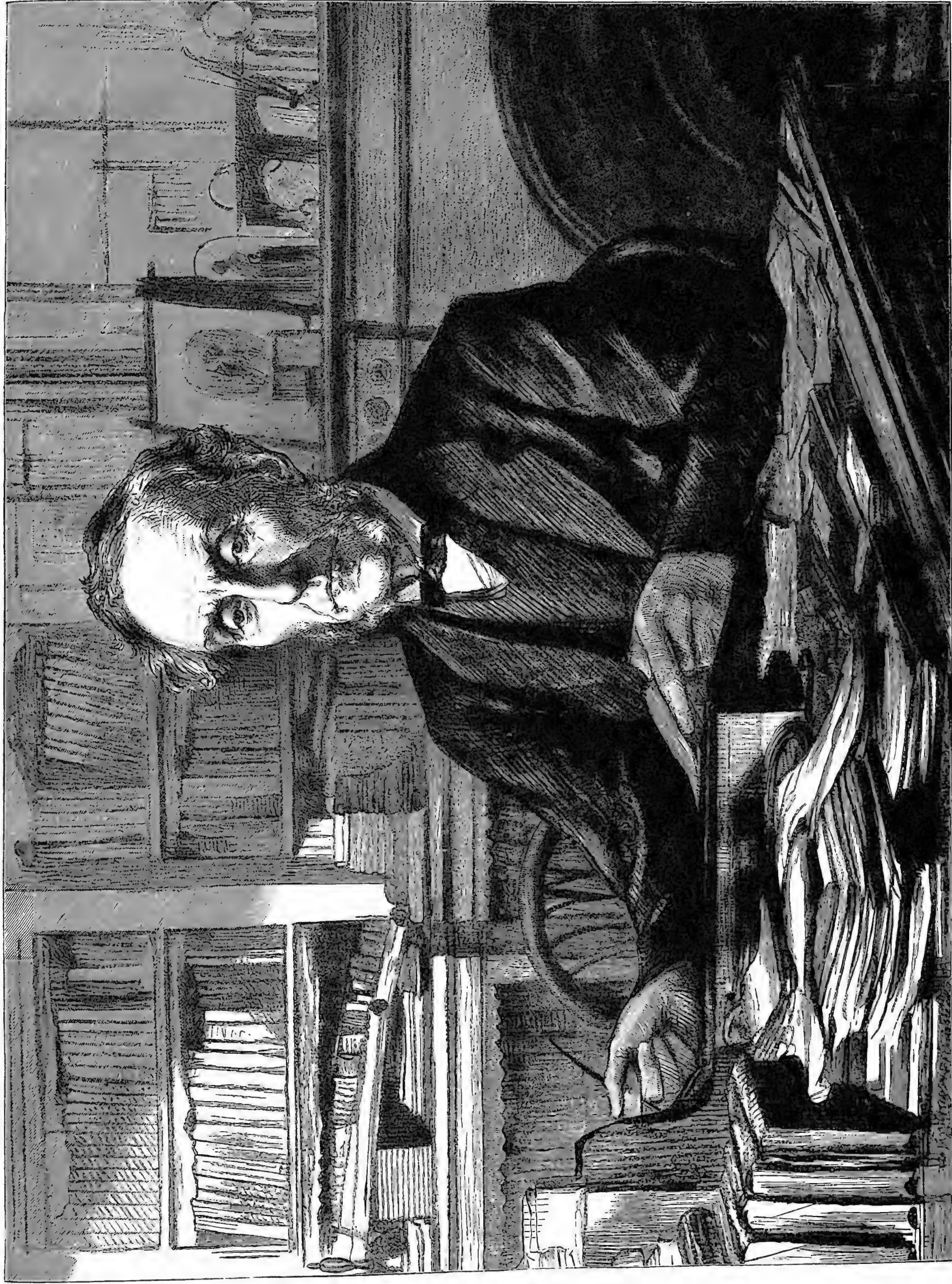
WILLIAM H. HONEY, 261, 262, REGENT STREET, LONDON

Prospectus free.

ANNUAL SALE.—Allison and Co.

beg respectfully to announce that on MONDAY, January 5th, they will be prepared to offer at greatly reduced prices their surplus stock of fancy goods, each department having been carefully revised, and all made up goods subject to change of fashion will be offered at very low prices, in addition to their regular stock. They invite attention to a large purchase of Satin Merveilleux in all colours at 2s. 11d., and Black Satin Duchesse at 3s. 11d., much under the regular price. Coloured Violette Cloth at 103d., will be offered at 103d. and rich Cashmere Sash Ribbons at 2s. 6d.

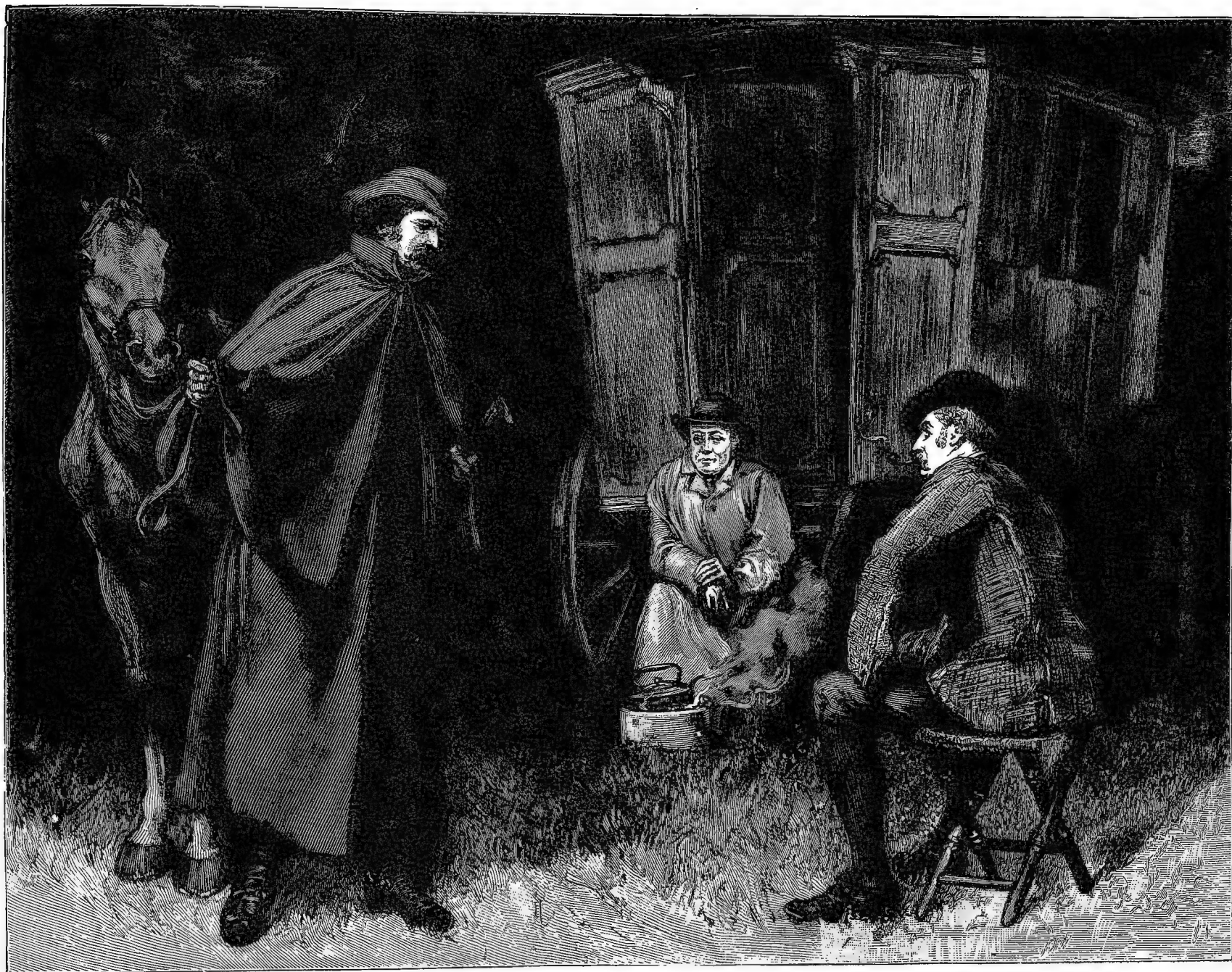
REGENT HOUSE, 218, 219, and 221, Regent Street.



NO. XI.

CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY—RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.
DRAWN FROM LIFE

Shaftebury



DRAWN BY JOSEPH NASH

"My name is Monk of Monkshurst," he said: "I've a good mind to teach you to remember it."

MATT: A NOVEL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," &C., &C.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CARAVAN

THE afternoon was still very warm, but a grey mist, drifting from the Irish Channel, and sailing eastward over the low-lying Island of Anglesea, was beginning to scatter a thin penetrating drizzle on the driver of the caravan.

To right and left of the highway stretched a bleak and bare prospect of marshland and moorland, closed to the west by a sky of ever-deepening redness, and relieved here and there by black clumps of stunted woodland. Here and there peeped a solitary farmhouse, with outlying fields of swampy greenness, where lean and spectral cattle were lugubriously grazing; and ever and anon came a glimpse of some lonely lake or tarn, fringed all round with thick sedges, and dotted with water-lilies. The road was as desolate as the prospect, with not a living soul upon it, far as the eye could see. To all this, however, the driver of the caravan paid little attention, owing to the simple fact that he was fast asleep.

He was roused by a sudden jolting and swaying of the clumsy vehicle, combined with a sound of splashing water, and opening his eyes sleepily, he perceived that the grey mare had turned aside from the centre of the road, and, having entered a stagnant pond on the roadside, was floundering and struggling in the mud thereof with the caravan rocking behind her. At the same moment, a head was thrust round the back part of the vehicle, and an angry voice exclaimed:

"Tim, you scoundrel, where the devil are you driving to? Wake up, or I'll break every bone in your skin."

Thus addressed, Tim woke himself with an effort, and looking round with an insinuating smile, replied:

"Begorra, Master Charles, I thought it was an earthquake entirely—Come out of that now! Is it wanting to drown yourself you are? G-r-r-r! Sh! Aisy now, aisy!"

The latter portion of the above sentence was addressed to the mare, which was at last persuaded to wade out of the cool mud, and return to the dusty track, where she stood quivering and panting. No sooner was the return to *terra firma* accomplished than a light agile figure descended the steps at the back of the caravan, and ran round to the front. An excited colloquy, angry on the one side, and apologetic on the other, ensued and did not cease, even when the driver, with a flick of his whip, put the caravan again in motion, while the other strode alongside on foot.

It was just such a caravan as may be seen any summer day

forming part of the camp on an English common, with the swart face of a gipsy woman looking out at the door, and half-a-dozen ragged imps and elves rolling on the grass beneath; as may be observed, smothered in wickerwork of all descriptions, or glittering pots and pans, moving from door to door in some sleepy country town, guided by a gloomy gentleman in a velvet coat and a hareskin cap, and attended by a brawny hussy, also smothered in wickerwork or pots and pans; as, furthermore, may be described forming part of the procession of a travelling circus, and drawn by a piebald horse which, whenever a good "pitch" is found, will complete its day's labour by performances in the ring. A caravan of the good old English kind; with small windows ornamented by white muslin curtains, with a chimney atop for the smoke to come through from the fire inside, with a door behind ornamented with a knocker, and only lacking a doorplate to make it quite complete; in short, a House on Wheels.

The driver, though rough enough, and red with sun and wind, had nothing in common with the ordinary drivers of such vehicles, and, in point of fact, he was neither a gipsy, nor a travelling tinker, nor a circus performer. Though it was summer time he wore a large frieze coat, descending almost to his heels, and on his head a wide-awake hat—underneath which his lazy, beardless, and somewhat sheepish face shone with indolent good humour. His companion, Master Charles, as he was called, bore still less resemblance to the Bohemians of English lanes and woodlands. He was a slight, handsome, fair-haired young fellow of two or three and twenty, in the tweed attire of an ordinary summer tourist; and every movement he made, every word he spoke, implied the "gentleman born."

Presently, at a signal from his master (such he was), Tim drew rein again. By this time the sun was setting fiery red, far away to the west, and the thin drizzle was becoming more persistent.

"How far did they say it was to Pencroes?"

"Ten miles, sor."

"The mare is tired out, I think. We shall have to camp by the roadside."

"All right, Master Charles. There's a handy shelter beyant there where you see the trees," Tim added, pointing up the road with his whip. The young man looked in that direction, and saw, about a quarter of a mile away, that the highway entered a dark clump of woodland. He nodded assent, and walked rapidly forward, while the caravan followed slowly in his rear.

Reaching the spot where the wood began, and entering the shadow

of the trees, he soon found a spot well fitted for his purpose. To the left, the road widened out into a grassy patch of common, adorned with one or two bushes of stunted brown, and stretched out a dusty arm to touch a large white gate, which opened on a gloomy grass-grown avenue winding right through the heart of the wood. The caravan, coming slowly up, was soon placed in a snug position not far from the gate, the horse was taken out and suffered to graze, while Tim, searching about, soon found some dry sticks, and began to light a fire. Diving into the caravan, the young man re-emerged with a camp-stool, on which he sat down, lighted a meerschaum pipe, and began to smoke. They could hear the rain faintly pattering in the boughs above them, but the spot they had chosen was quite sheltered and dry.

The fire soon blazed up. Entering the caravan in his turn, Tim brought out a tin kettle full of water, and placed it on the fire, preparatory to making tea. He was thus engaged when the sound of horse's hoofs was heard along the highway, and presently the figure of a horseman appeared, approaching at a rapid trot. As it came near to the group in the wayside, the horse shied violently, springing from one side of the road to the other, so that its rider, a dark, middle-aged man in an old-fashioned cloak, was almost thrown from the saddle. Uttering a fierce oath, he recovered himself, and, reining in the frightened animal looked angrily round; then, seeing the cause of the mischance, he forced his horse with no small difficulty to approach the figures by the fire.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in harsh, peremptory tones. "What are you doing here?"

The young man, pipe in mouth, looked up at him with a smile, but made no reply.

"What are you? Vagrants? Do you know this place is private?" And he pointed with his riding whip to a printed "Notice!" fixed closed to the gate upon the stem of a large fir tree.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, with the utmost sang froid, "we are, I imagine, on the Queen's highway, and there, with your permission, we purpose to remain for the night."

Struck by the superior manner of the speaker, the new-comer looked at him in some surprise, but with no abatement of his haughty manner. He then glanced at Tim, who was busy with the kettle, from Tim to the grey mare, and from the grey mare to the house on wheels. The scowl on his dark face deepened, and he turned his fierce eyes again on the young man.

"Let me warn you that these grounds are private. I suffer no wandering vagabonds to pass that gate."

"May I ask your name?" said the young man in the same cool tones, and with the same quiet smile.

"What is my name to you?"

"Well, not much, only I should like to know the title of so very amiable a person."

The other condescended to no reply, but walked his horse towards the gate.

"Here, fellow!" he cried, addressing Tim. "Open this gate for me!"

"Don't stir!" said his master. "Let our amiable friend open the gate for himself."

With an angry exclamation the rider leapt from his saddle, and still holding the horse's reins, threw the gate wide open. Then, still leading his horse, he strode over towards the young man, who, looking up, saw that he was nearly six feet high, and very powerfully built.

"My name is Monk, of Monkshurst," he said. "I've a good mind to teach you to remember it."

"Don't be afraid," was the reply. "Monk, of Monkshurst? I shall be certain not to forget it, Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst!—Tim, is the water boiling?"

For a moment Mr. Monk, as he called himself, seemed ready to draw his riding whip across the young man's face, but, conquering himself, he surveyed him from head to foot with savage anger. Nothing daunted, the young man returned his stare with something very like supreme contempt. At last, muttering beneath his breath, Mr. Monk turned away, and leading his horse into the avenue, closed the gate, and remounted; but even then he did not immediately depart, but remained for some minutes, seated in the saddle, scowling over at the encampment.

Thus occupied, his face and figure set in the gloomy framework of the trees, he looked even more forbidding than before. His face, though naturally handsome, was dark with tempestuous passions, his eyes deep-set and fierce, his clean-shaven jaw square and determined. For the rest, his black hair, which was thickly mixed with iron-grey, fell almost to his shoulders, and his upper lip was covered with an iron-grey moustache.

At last, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, Mr. Monk turned his horse round with a fierce jerk of the rein, and rode rapidly away in the shadow of the wood.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVES FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL

"BEFORE setting forth on this memorable pilgrimage to nowhere I promised a certain friend of mine, in literary Bohemia, to keep notes of my adventures, with a view to future publication, illustrated by my own brilliant sketches. I fear the promise was a rash one, firstly, because I am constitutionally lazy and averse to literary exertion, and secondly, because I have, as yet, met with no adventures worth writing about. Not that I have altogether lost my first enthusiasm for the idea. There would be novelty in the title, at any rate: 'Cruises in a Caravan,' by Charles Brinkley, with illustrations by the author; photographic frontispiece, the caravan, with Tim as large as life, smirking self-consciously in delight at having his 'pictur' taken. My friend B—— has promised to find me a publisher, if I will only persevere. Well, we shall see. If the book does not progress, it will be entirely my own fault; for I have any amount of time on my hands. Paint as hard as I may all day, I have always the long evenings, when I must either write, read, or do nothing.

"So I am beginning this evening, exactly a fortnight after my first start from Chester. I purchased the caravan there from a morose individual with one eye, who had had it built with a view to the exhibition of a Wild Man of Patagonia, but said Wild Man having taken it into his head to return to County Cork, where he was born, and the morose individual having no definite idea of a novelty to take his place, the caravan came into the market. Having secured this travelling palace, duly furnished with window-blinds, a piece of carpet, a chair bedstead, a table, a stove, cooking utensils, not to speak of my own artistic paraphernalia, I sent over to Mulrany, Co. Mayo, for my old servant, Tim-na-Chaling, or Tim o' the Ferry—otherwise Tim Lenney; and with his assistance, when he arrived, I purchased a strong mare at Chester Fair. All these preliminaries being settled, we started one fine morning soon after daybreak, duly bound for explorations along the macadamised highways and byways of North Wales.

"I am pleased to say that Tim, after he had recovered the first shock of seeing a peripatetic dwelling-house, took to the idea wonderfully. 'Sure it's just like the ould cabin at home,' he averred, 'barrin' the wheels, and the windies, and the chimley, and the baste to pull it along;' and I think the resemblance would have been complete in his eyes, if there had only been two or three pigs to trot merrily behind the back door. As for myself, I took to the nomad life as naturally as if I had never in my life been in a civilised habitation. To be able to go where one pleased, to dawdle as one pleased, to stop and sleep where one pleased was certainly a new sensation. My friends, observing my sluggish ways, had often compared me to that interesting creature, the snail; now the resemblance was complete, for I was a snail, indeed, with my house comfortably fixed upon my shoulders, crawling tranquilly along.

"Of course the caravan has its inconveniences. Inside, to quote the elegant simile of our progenitors, there is scarcely room enough to swing a cat in; and when my bed is made, and Tim's hammock is swung just inside the door, the place forms the tiniest of sleeping chambers. Then our cooking arrangements are primitive, and as Tim has no idea whatever of the culinary art, beyond being able to boil potatoes in their skins, and make very doubtful 'stirabout,' there is a certain want of variety in our repasts. To break the monotony of this living I endeavour, whenever we come to a town with a decent hotel in it, to take a square meal away from home.

"Besides the inconveniences which I have mentioned, but which were, perhaps, hardly worth chronicling, the caravan has social drawbacks, more particularly embarrassing to a modest man like myself. It is confusing, for example, on entering a town, or good-sized village, to be surrounded by the entire juvenile population, who cheer us vociferously, under the impression that we constitute a 'show,' and afterwards, on ascertaining their mistake, pursue us with opprobrious jeers; and it is distressing to remark that our mode of life, instead of inviting confidence, causes us to be regarded with suspicion by the Vicar of the parish and the local policemen. We are exposed, moreover, to ebullitions of bucolic humour, which have taken the form of horse-play on more than one occasion. Tim has had several fights with the Welsh peasantry, and has generally come off victorious; though on one occasion he would have been overpowered by numbers if I had not gone to his assistance. Generally speaking, nothing will remove from the rural population an idea that the caravan forms an exhibition of some sort. When I airily alight and stroll through a village, sketch-book in hand, I have invariably at my heels a long attendant train of all ages, obviously under the impression that I am looking for a suitable 'pitch,' and am going to 'perform.'

"To avoid these and similar inconveniences we generally halt for the night in some secluded spot—some roadside nook, or outlying common. But there is a fatal attraction in the caravan: it seems to draw spectators, as it were, out of the very bowels of the earth. No matter how desolate the place we have chosen, we have scarcely made ourselves comfortable when an audience gathers, and stragglers drop in, amazed and open-mouthed. I found it irksome

at first to paint in the open air, with a gazing crowd at my back making audible comments on my work as it progressed; but I soon got used to it, and having discovered certain good 'subjects' here and there among my visitors, I take the publicity now as a matter of course. Even when busy inside, I am never astonished to see strange noses flattened against the windows—strange faces peeping in at the door. The human temperament accustoms itself to anything. When all is said and done, it is flattering to be an object of such public interest; and I do believe that when I return to civilisation, and find no one caring in the least what I do, I shall miss the worldly tribute which is now my daily due.

"I begin this record in the Island of Anglesea, where we have arrived after our fortnight's wanderings in the more mountainous districts of the mainland. Anglesea, I am informed, is chiefly famous for its pigs and its wild ducks. So far as I have yet explored it, I find it flat and desolate enough; but I have been educated in Irish landscapes, and don't object to flatness when combined with desolation. I like these dreary meadows, these bleak stretches of melancholy moorland, these wild lakes and lagoons.

"At the present moment I am encamped in a spot where, in all probability, I shall remain for days. I came upon it quite by accident, about midday yesterday, when on my way to the market town of Pencroes; or rather, when I imagined that I was going thither, while I had in reality, after hesitating at three cross roads, taken the road which led in exactly the opposite direction. The way was desolate and dreary beyond measure—stretches of morass and moorland on every side, occasionally rising into heathery knolls or hillocks, or strewn with huge pieces of stone like the moors of Cornwall. Presently the open moorland ended, and we entered a region of sandy hillocks, sparsely ornamented here and there with long harsh grass. If one could imagine the waves of the ocean, at some moment of wild agitation, suddenly frozen to stillness and retaining intact their tempestuous forms, it would give some idea of the hillocks I am describing. They rose on every side of the road, completely shutting out the view, and their pale livid yellowness, scarcely relieved with a glimpse of greenness, was wearisome and lonely in the extreme. As we advanced among them, the road we were pursuing grew worse and worse, till it became so choked and covered with drifted sand as to be scarcely recognisable, and I need hardly say that it was hard work for one horse to pull the caravan along; more than once, indeed, the wheels fairly stuck, and Tim and I had to pull with might and main to get them free.

"We had proceeded in this manner for some miles, and I was beginning to realise the fact that we were out of our reckoning, when, suddenly emerging from between two sandhills, I saw a wide stretch of green meadow land, and beyond it a glorified piece of water. The sun was shining brightly, the water sparkled like a mirror, calm as glass, and without a breath. As we appeared, a large heron rose from the spot in the waterside where we had been standing—

Still as a stone, without a sound
Above his dim blue shade—

and sailed leisurely away. Around the lake, which was about a mile in circumference, the road ran winding, till it reached the further side, where more sandhills began; but between these sandhills I caught a sparkling glimpse of more water, and (guided to my conclusion by the red sail of a fishing smack just glimmering in the horizon line) I knew that further water was—the sea.

"The spot had all the charm of complete desolation, combined with the charm which always, to my mind, pertains to lakes and lagoons. Eager as a boy or a loosened retriever, I ran across the meadow, and found the grass long and green, and sown with innumerable crowfoot flowers; underneath the green was sand again, but here it glimmered like gold-dust. As I reached the sedges on the lake side, a teal rose in full summer plumage, wheeled swiftly round the lake, then returning, splashed down boldly and swam within a stone's throw of the shore; when, peering through the rushes, I caught a glimpse of his mate, paddling anxiously along with eight little fluffs of down behind her. Then, just outside the sedges, I saw the golden shield of water broken by the circles of rising trout. It was too much. I hastened back to the caravan, and informed Tim that I had no intention of going any further—that day at least.

"So here we have been since yesterday, and, up to this, have not set eyes upon a single soul. Such peace and quietness is a foretaste of Paradise. As this is the most satisfactory day I have yet spent in my pilgrimage, although it bears, at the same time, a family likeness to the other days of the past fortnight, I purpose setting down, verbatim, seriatim, and chronologically the manner in which I occupied myself from dawn to sunset.

"6 A.M.—Wake and see that Tim has already disappeared, and folded up his hammock. Observe the morning sun looking in with a fresh cheery countenance at the window. Turn over again with a yawn, and go to sleep for another five minutes.

"7.15 A.M.—Wake again, and discover by looking at my watch, that instead of five minutes, I have slept an hour and a quarter. Spring up at once, and slip on shirt and trousers; then pass out, barefooted, into the open air. No sign of Tim, but a fire is lighted close to the caravan, which shadows it from the rays of the morning sun. Stroll down to the lake, and throwing off what garments I wear, prepare for a bath. Cannot get out for a swim on account of the reeds. The bath over, return and finish my toilette in the caravan.

"8 A.M.—Tim has reappeared. He has been right down to the seashore, a walk of about two miles and a half. He informs me, to my disgust, that there is some sort of a human settlement there, and a lifeboat station. He has brought back in his baglet, as specimens of the local products, a dozen new-laid eggs, some milk, and a loaf of bread. The last, I observe, is in a fossil state. I asked who sold it him? He answers, William Jones.

"8.30. We breakfast splendidly. Even the fossil loaf yields sustenance, after it is cut up and dissolved in hot tea. Between whiles, Tim informs me that the settlement down yonder is, in his opinion, a poor sort of a place. There are several white-washed cottages, and a large roofless house for all the world like a church. Devil the cow or pig did he see at all, barrin' a few hens. Any boats, I ask? Yes, one with the bottom knocked out, belonging to William Jones.

"Tim has got this name so pat, that my curiosity begins to be aroused. 'Who the deuce is William Jones?' 'Sure, thin,' says Tim, 'he's the man that lives down beyant, by the sea.' I demand, somewhat irritably, if the place contains only one inhabitant? Devil another did Tim see, he explains,—barrin' William Jones.

"9.30 A.M. Start painting in the open air, under the shade of a large white cotton umbrella. Paint on till 1 P.M.

"1 P.M. Take a long walk among the sandhills, avoiding the settlement beyond the lake. Don't want to meet any of the aboriginals, more particularly William Jones. Walking here is like running up and down Atlantic billows, assuming said billows to be solid; now I am lost in the trough of the sand, now I re-emerge on the crest of the solid wave. Amusing, but fatiguing. I soon lose myself, every hillock being exactly like another. Suddenly, a hare starts from under my feet, and goes leisurely away. I remember an old amusement of mine in the west of Ireland, and I track Puss by her footprints—now clearly and beautifully printed in the soft sand of the hollows, now more faintly marked on the harder sides of the ridges. The sun blazes down, the refraction of the heat from the sand is overpowering, the air is quivering, sparkling, and pulsating, as if full of innumerable sand crystals. A horrible croak from

overhead startles me, and looking up, I see an enormous raven, wheeling along in circles and searching the ground for mice or other prey.

"Looking at my watch, I find that I have been toiling in this sandy wilderness for quite two hours. Time to get back and dine. Climb the nearest hillock, and look round to discover where I am. Can see nothing but the sandy billows on every side, and am entirely at a loss which way to go. At last, after half an hour's blind wandering, stumble by accident on the road by the lake-side, and see the caravan in the distance.

"4 P.M.—Dinner. Boiled potatoes, boiled eggs, fried bacon. Tim's cooking is primitive, but I could devour anything—even William Jones's fossil bread. I asked if any human being has visited the camp. 'Sorra one,' Tim says, looking rather disappointed. He has got to feel himself a public character, and misses the homage of the vulgar.

"Paint again till 6 P.M.

"A beautiful sunset. The sandhills grow rosy in the light, the lake deepens from crimson to purple, the moon comes out like a silver sickle over the sandy sea. A thought seizes me as the shadows increase. Now is the time to entice the pink trout from their depths in the lake. I get out my fishing rod and line, and, stretching two or three flies which seem suitable, prepare for action. My rod is only a small single-handed one, and it is difficult to cast beyond the sedges, but the fish are rising thickly out in the tranquil pools, and determined not to be beaten, I wade in to the knees. Half-a-dozen small trout, each about the size of a small herring, reward my enterprise. When I have captured them the moon is high up above the sand hills, and it is quite dark.

"Such is the chronicle of the past day. By the light of my lamp inside the caravan I have written it down. It has been all very tranquil and uneventful, but very delightful, and a day to be marked with a white stone in one respect,—that from dawn to sunset I have not set eyes on a human being, except my servant.

"Stop, though! I am wrong. Just as I was returning from my piscatorial excursion to the lake I saw, passing along the road in the direction of the sea, a certain solitary horseman, who accosted me not too civilly on the road-side the night before last. He scowled at me in passing, and of course recognised me by the aid of the caravan. His name is Monk, of Monkshurst, and he seems to be pretty well monarch of all he surveys. I have an impression that Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, and myself are destined to be better, or worse, acquainted."

(To be continued)

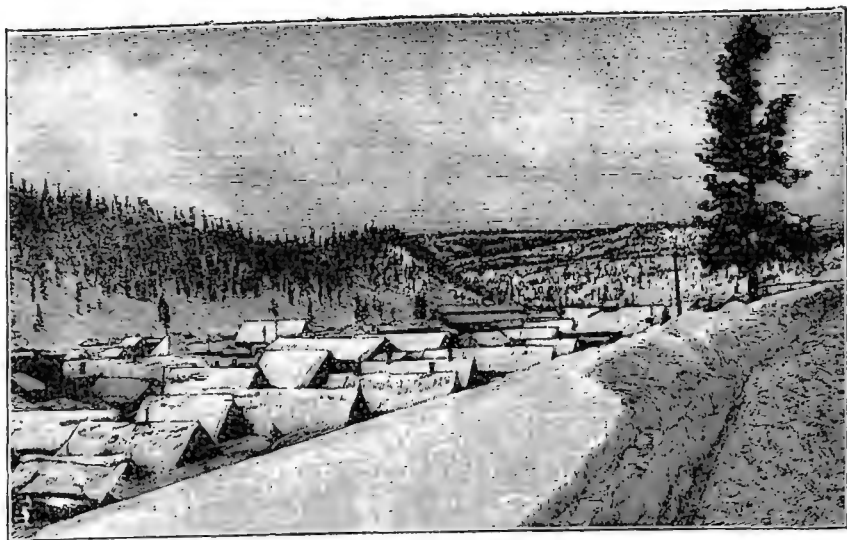


"TARANTELLA," by Mathilde Blind (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), has, among many other merits, that of decided originality. The authoress has done well to call it a "romance;" and this description of it, too often used with absurd looseness, but here with precise accuracy, should be borne in mind by the reader. Miss Blind has used, as the inspiration of her plot, the well-known legend of the tarantula spider, the effect of its bite, and the sympathetic influence of its music upon its victims. The development of the story appears to give a moral significance to the legend, and this is worked out with much imaginative power. The poetical and psychological capacities of the superstition are made full use of, not in any obtrusive manner, but in such a way as to suggest even more than is expressed; and the tarantula henceforth ceases to be a mere curiosity of folk-lore, and takes his place in the higher region of myths full of meaning. Every reader will doubtless comprehend the story in a more or less different way, now that Miss Blind has given him the key; but this only shows how fertile in significance is the legend that has been waiting so long for an interpreter to give it life, and to bring it into relation with actual human nature. In its form and style, "Tarantella" belongs distinctly to the German school of fiction, of which—apart from translations—we have in English fiction exceedingly few examples. Construction is held in little regard, and all things are purposely regarded through some sort of specially-coloured haze. Some vagueness is inseparable from it; but then this, to a host of minds, constitutes one of its principal charms, even when less artistically managed than in "Tarantella." Miss Blind's gifts of imagination are of a high order, and especially adapted for exercise in the by no means overcrowded field of romantic prose.

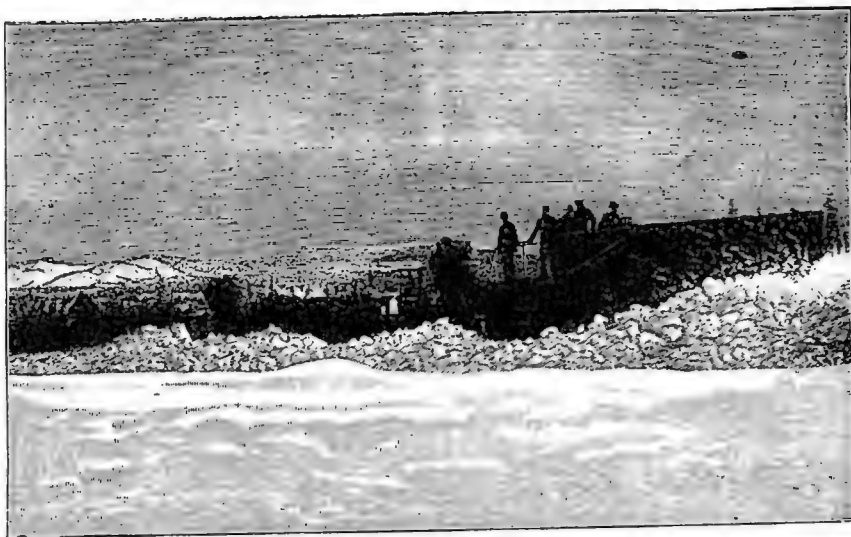
Whether "Philistia," by Cecil Power (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), can be called a novel, in any ordinary sense of the word, may be questionable. But it is an exceedingly clever book, whatever it may be called. As the title indicates, it treats of the manner in which men who start in life with heroic views of self-devotion, and living up to an impracticable ideal, must choose between accepting the actual limits and conditions of life and going to the wall. Of two such characters, one takes the more prudent course, and settles into Philistia as a successful writer of comic opera in the Gilbert and Sullivan style; another, through being true to his principles, only escapes by a lucky chance from starvation. And this one lucky chance lands him also in Philistia. There are several other brightly-sketched characters, including a somewhat exaggerated study of selfishness by way of foil to the general air of Quixotism. The book is altogether lively and entertaining.

"The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, with the Episode of Mr. Washington Adams in England, and an Apology," by Richard Grant White (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), will reduce to despair all who have any desire that Englishmen and Americans—or, not to offend Mr. White's ethnological views, natives of Great Britain and of the United States of America—should learn to know one another. His story has two leading purposes, of which the chief is to condemn the Englishmen of these islands for a perverse or ignorant determination to be blind to their own foibles, and to see nothing but what is ridiculous or disgusting in everything American. He gives us a caricature American which he imagines to be John Bull's conception of an American, and then complains of being ill-treated; and he takes the literary jests and horseplay of generations with an absence of humour which is perfectly irresistible. It is strange that a man of minute observation who has, with exceptional opportunities, made a particular study of English society, fails to perceive that if we laugh a good deal at the caricatures of other national types, we delight most to laugh at ourselves; that we have an almost ridiculous eagerness for admiring everything foreign; and that, above all, to be an American is of itself to have a social passport that rarely fails to be honoured. If we need to be held in check, it is in enthusiasm for American persons and things, which has been a social feature among us for years—an enthusiasm which, to judge from current works by Americans on their own institutions, contains elements of no little danger. Almost every Englishman has American friends, whom he accepts in every sense as his equals or superiors, in the same way as he accepts his own countrymen; and it is of our own colonies, not of the United States, that our common knowledge is at sea. If our state of mind is as Mr. White describes it, our cause is hopeless; and if so good an observer understands us so little in return, how can we expect to be comprehended by his duller fellow-countrymen? In such case, the guilt

With ornamental cover and many illustrations, "The Maritime Alps and Their Seaboard" (Longmans) is just the book to give to a friend who is obliged to fly the English winter. These 400 pages are full of information of all kinds—about the people and the ways, the old noble families, Grimaldis, Villeneuves, Suffrens, De Grasses, &c. They also contain a good account of the famous Monastery of the Lérins, of the Templars in Maritime Provence,



GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN OF TRUCKEE IN WINTER



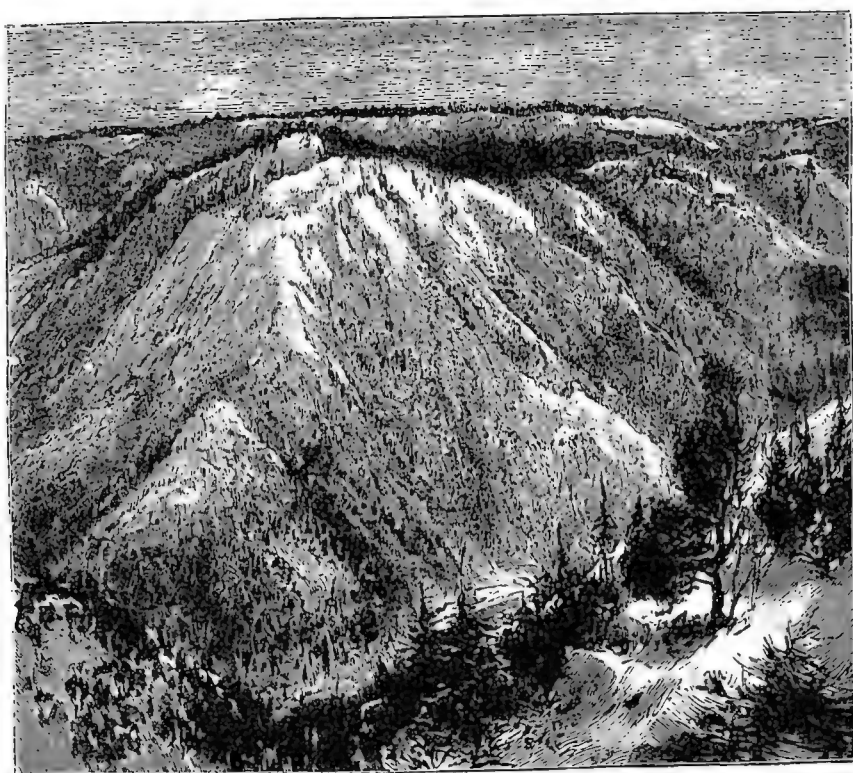
A SNOW PLOUGH AT WORK ON THE SIERRA NEVADAS



DONNER LAKE, SIERRA NEVADAS, IN WINTER TIME



TWENTY FEET OF SNOW IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS

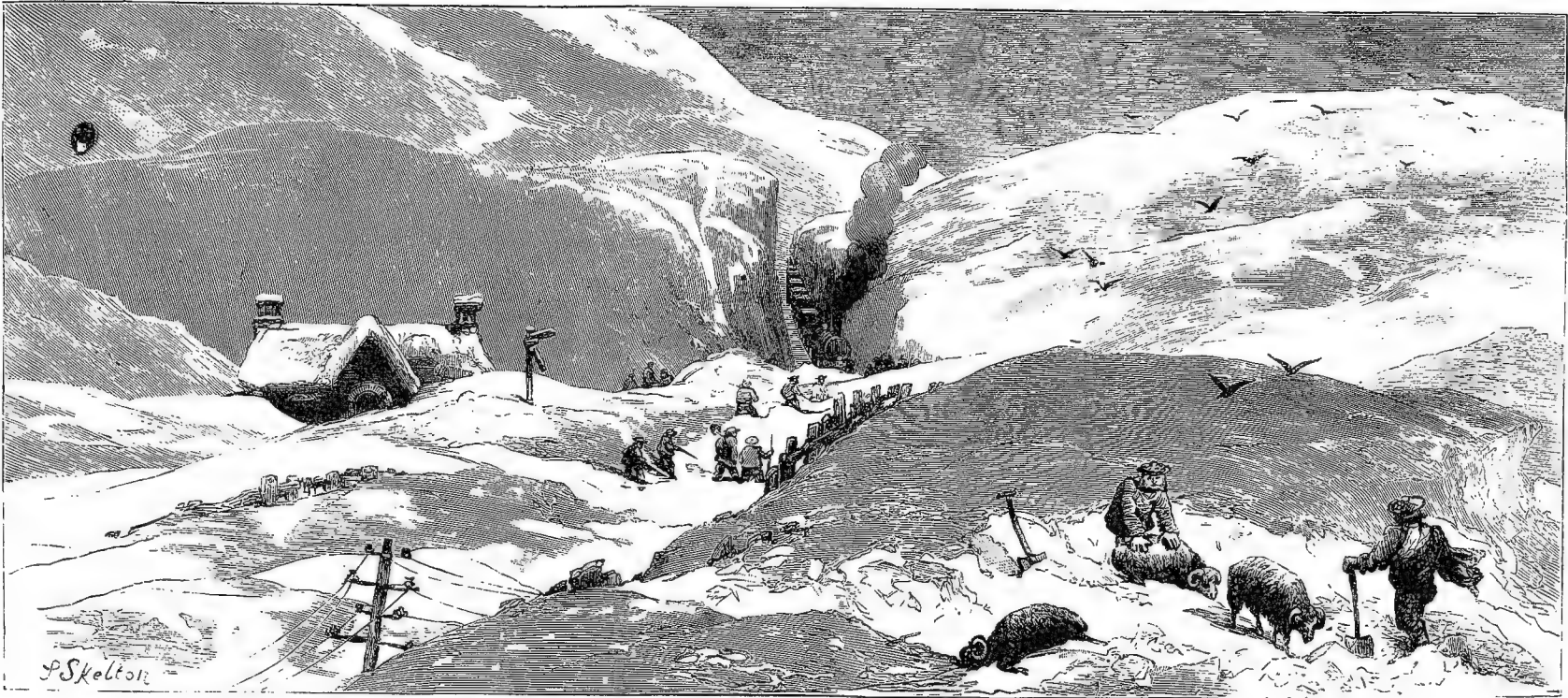


AMERICAN RIVER CAÑON



A STREET IN TRUCKEE—EIGHT FEET OF SNOW

WINTER SCENES IN NEVADA AND CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.



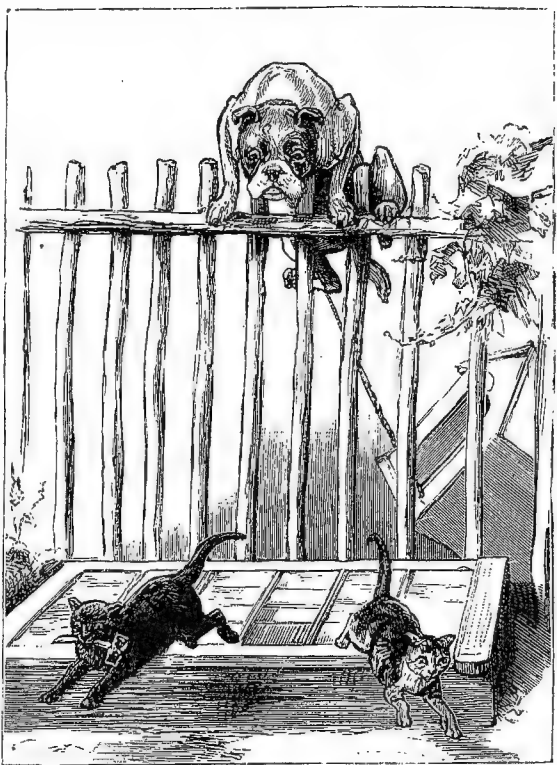
DIGGING OUT A SNOWED-UP TRAIN IN SCOTLAND



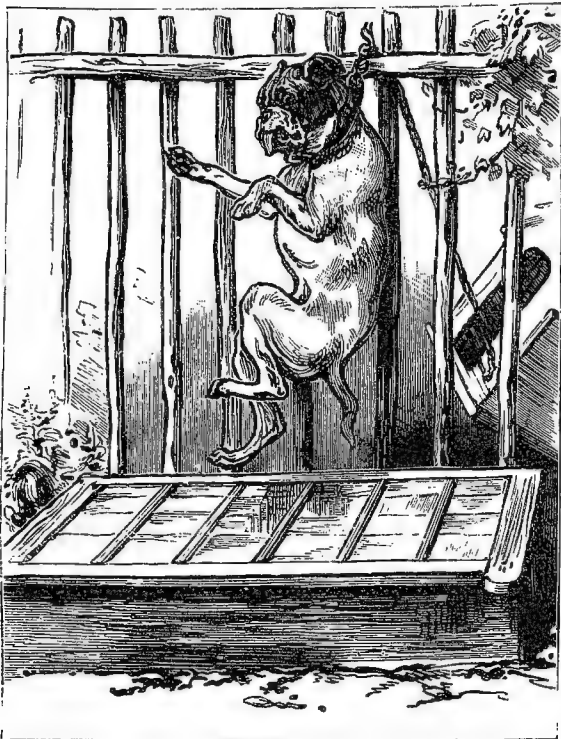
REPOSE



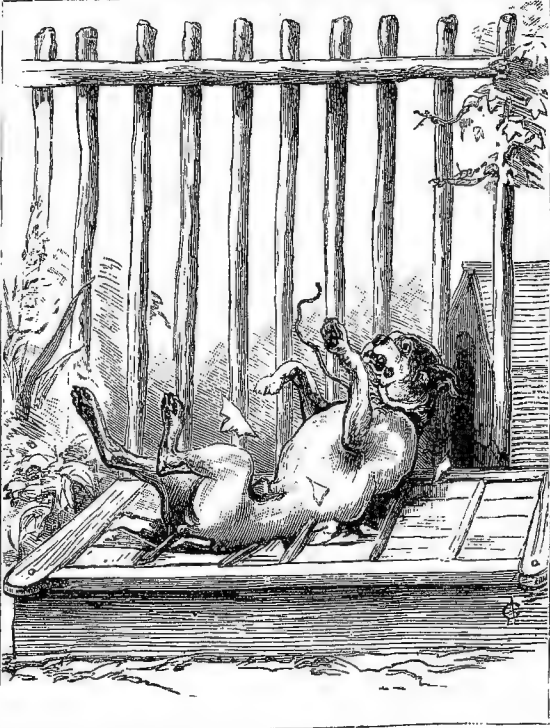
ALARM



PURSUIT



SUSPENSE



COLLAPSE



RETREAT

CATCH A BULL-DOG ASLEEP

the first Napoleon at Cannes, of Monte Carlo as (thanks to the infamous *raie* of shares payable to bearer) it is too long likely to be. They also contain the latest discoveries concerning The Man with the Iron Mask. This alone, with the collateral reading which it opens up, will give the invalid plenty of work for at least one season.

The Parsis all the world over scarcely number 100,000, but their numbers are not in the least a measure of their importance. For over 1,000 years they have kept their religion and usages, and yet have managed (unlike the Jews) almost wholly to escape active persecution. The reason of this is not their greater pliancy (though they did dissemble when making a settlement at Sanjan) but their comparative poverty until our *raj* had brought peace. Their prosperity dates from the English settlement in Bombay. Since 1668 they have thriven as contractors, shipowners, and merchants. Not long ago almost the whole China trade was in their hands. As shipbuilders, too, the Wadia family hold a deservedly high place. Mr. Dosabhai Framji Karaka, in two handsome volumes, not only treats of "The History of the Parsis" (Macmillan), but also describes their religion, their manners and customs, and the way in which the educational movement is carrying them with it. The subject well deserved such careful and exhaustive treatment. The author does not speak one whit too highly of the virtues of this remarkable race—remarkable not only for their business energy, but for the catholic nature as well as the abundance of their charity. As he says, the marvel is not that they give so much, but that they give it out of what is comparatively so little. We need not say that they are amongst the Queen's most loyal subjects. Mr. Dosabhai Framji tells the story of the Prince's visit to the *dokmas* on Malabar Hill, and gives many instances of the unswerving loyalty of his people. His own style, graceful and flowing, proves what he says about the exceptional ease with which the Parsis attain to fluency in English.

A HIGHLAND PROFESSOR

SHOULD any Highlander who has left school and home, say, even fifteen years ago, revisit his native *clachan*, and have a look into any of the snug schools which are now studded all over the North, he would unwittingly quote the words of the hero of "Paradise Lost," and exclaim, "How changed!" That they have changed may easily be understood by any one who contrasts a school of to-day with one of twenty or even fifteen years ago, of one of which the following is a *bona fide* description.

The school is situated on the ridge of a hill, probably that the crofters' children in the valley on either side may not easily miss it when they are first sent to school, for it frequently happens that the child's father or mother comes on even the child's first school-day no further than half-way up, and then, pointing to the school, tells young Hopeful, "Yon's the school; run awa', and be a guid laddie." After a day or two the master sees him, and he is enrolled as follows: "When did you come here, my boy?"—"The day before yesterday." "What's your name?"—"Johnnie." "What more?"—"Naething." "Well, Johnnie Naething; you be a good boy, or—?" Should his father come all the way, the lad hears him tell the master, "I've brought you a new scholar, sir; he is rather a rascal—but you just keep him tight at work."

The school is a long, straggling thatched shanty, which has probably served its time as a barn, and had to be converted into a school to meet the growing demands for education by the growing population. There is a pretty large window at each end, and here and there into the roof has been let a single pane which, with the opening on the roof to let out the smoke and the usually open door, gives a pretty fair light. To get a quiet view of the interior, one should go in in the early morning with the "poper" (*Anglican*, janitor), who, by sweeping the school once a week and lighting the fire each morning, earns for himself an education which would otherwise cost him a penny a week. The floor is of well-beaten stiff clay, and on a level with it, and exactly in the middle of the room, is a large circular stone, on which a peat fire is being kindled by the youth, who, unconscious of any impropriety, blows the light peat ashes in every direction in his struggles to get a blaze. The smoke can be seen curling up beautifully towards the rafters, but seems to wish to have a look round before it makes its exit by the hole made for that purpose in the roof. The walls are unplastered and bare, save for a couple of smoke-begrimed maps. Round the whole place runs a wooden ledge, about three feet high, which stands in good stead as writing-desks, and to which the scholars get in relays for a couple of hours at a time, as to be "a good hand at the pen" is to be accounted an excellent *scholar*.

From the middle of November till the end of April the place is uncomfortably crowded, for during that period every youth in the neighbourhood—no matter how he has been employed during the remainder of the year—is anxious to learn *book-keeping*, and to "go through the Grey's," for by that once famous author's name an arithmetic book is still known in the Highlands. Ten o'clock is supposed to be the hour for opening; but as the "Gaelic clock is always half-an-hour slow," the master appears punctually. As soon as he is sighted the game of "shinty" (hockey) is given up, and each runs his separate way to hide his club and pick up the peat which he is supposed regularly to bring from home, or if he has brought none, he makes a rush to the nearest peat stack; for he thinks it would be dishonourable to appear without one, especially when it can be quietly got at a neighbour's expense. Having secured their peats, they enter school pell-mell and fling the peat into "the peat hole." Should it happen to hit somebody's head on its way thither—and this happened fully as often as the laws of chance allowed—"satisfaction" has to be given at the dinner hour; but, in the mean time, all are quiet as "the Professor" enters.

The Professor, for so he has been nicknamed, does not belong to the class which in Scotland is known as "stickit ministers," from which for ages the ranks of Scotch schoolmasters have been recruited. He had, it seems, in his youth higher aims, for, as he once indiscreetly said, he "intended to come out as a Professor," but notwithstanding his praiseworthy efforts by means of high thinking and low feeding to make his slender capital raise him to that dignified position, the task proved too much for him, and mind and body bent beneath the burden. To recruit his health, and if possible his purse, he works here, but unfortunately his savings for the past ten years are not sufficient to maintain him at college for a five months' session. But "Hope springs eternal," and his every spare moment is devoted to qualifying himself to be a Professor. When the Latin or Greek class is around him (he teaches both), the remainder of the school may do what they like, but should their noise be sufficient to rouse him from his reverie, he shows that he is rather a believer in corporal punishment, for woe betide the youth at whom the tawse is then flung, for he has instantly to come up with it, and has probably to expiate the misbehaviour of the whole class. One youth, when thus summoned, tried to excuse himself by shouting out "I can't come just now, for my feet are in my pocket." The fact was that to warm them he had put his bare feet into the pocket of a coat which had once been his father's. When the school was crowded seats were often extemporised by making two piles of half-a-dozen peats apiece, on which a plank of perhaps eighteen feet was supported. On this a dozen of the lasses were accommodated. All goes well until two wicked spirits get seated simultaneously behind the supporting peats, and after a mischievous wink, their legs are stretched, and down fall peats, plank, and pupils with such a scream as causes the tawse to fall into the lap of the chief offender. He promptly lifts it, and foreseeing that his

sentence will be "By the law of Moses, forty stripes save one," jumps up on a desk, and thence gets on to the black rafters. The Professor follows, but not fast enough, for the young fellow quickly disappears by the smoke-hole, and then, as it is evident that he is to be followed in the same way, there is a stampede of the whole school to see the descent and chase. All of a sudden, however, and just as he is half way out of the hole, it occurs to the Professor that he has been acting an undignified part, and after a moment's pause, evidently to think whether it is best to go out or in, he resolves to come out, but being now rather exhausted, he sits astride the ridge and consoles himself with a pinch of snuff. Next day the offender, in fear and trembling, awaits the Professor's arrival, and when he hands up the tawse he is told to go home, and to come back only when he is able to repeat the 119th Psalm in Gaelic. On one occasion, after what was presumed to be a night of hard study, the Professor, notwithstanding the din, fell fast asleep. For the nonce all were puzzled, but soon a daring spirit held a snuff-mull close to his nose, and after an unconsciously hard snore the Professor arose in wrath, and indiscriminate stripe and loud sneeze came alternately. The offender is deemed worthy of the "Forty stripes save one," only this time the offender does not readily confess. The large Bible is then brought out and opened at the fly-leaf which divides the Old and New Testaments, and beginning at the dux he makes each pupil place both hands on it, and solemnly swear that he is innocent. This is too much for the guilty one, who thinks it as well to be "In for a pound as a penny," and so he quickly empties an inkwell on his hands, which in his turn he quickly puts down, and a *memento* of the fact remains to this day on the Professor's family Bible.

But the Professor believes in rewards as well, for when one of the older pupils relieve him of the "A B C class" for a few hours he gives him a bit of tobacco and a pipe, and tells him to go and have a smoke and a rest by the fireside. This reward was always preferable to a piece of "black sugar" (Spanish juice), which is considered a fit reward for "bairns" only. When the monitor reported that the bairns had repeated their lessons twenty times very well, the snuff-mull was pulled out and handed him with "Very well, Jock, go and give them each a good snuff."

Notwithstanding all these oddities it was patent to all that the Professor was a man of learning himself, and that he had the educational welfare of others at heart, and as proof of his pupils' appreciation of him, he has, since compelled by the School Board to retire, been receiving presents from all parts of the world from pupils who have "got on," and who delight to tell tales of the days when they were under "the Professor." A. P.

SOME FINE ART BOOKS

SOME twenty years ago, when Mr. Edward Fitzgerald first published a translation of the poems of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia, the work found few readers beyond a circle of those interested in Oriental literatures. Since then many editions have been published, and the work has become more popular and more familiar to the reading public. A new departure in its character has been made this season, and the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," with an accompaniment of drawings by Elihu Vedder (Bernard Quaritch, and Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston, U.S.), issues not only as a volume of verse but as a remarkable work of art. Beyond the fact that the verses are grouped according to Vedder's conception of the poem, and differ somewhat from the order adopted by Mr. Fitzgerald, the letterpress concerns us only in so far as it relates to the illustrations. In illustrating a poem so fraught with all the symbolism that Oriental nations have woven around the great questions of time, life, and eternity, Mr. Vedder had no ordinary task. A perfect kaleidoscope of questions on the whence and whither of life, but all ending in the same futile conclusion—that the master-knot of human fate can be unravelled neither in the earth, the seas, nor the rolling heaven, is presented in the poem. The drift of it all is, however: Drink and be merry, enjoy the passing hour. This is represented in the frontispiece, where Omar is seen, surrounded by a jocund throng, bidding the warrior, the miser, the student, and the theologian relinquish their aims and ambitions, and enjoy the delights of the fruitful grape. There are several other drawings, with all the light and gladness of young and happy life in them, but the artist's powers are, perhaps, only seen at their highest in the more weird and mystical illustrations, which form a large proportion of the whole. A particularly fine example of this description is seen where an eagle, chained to a mountain rock, symbolises the limitation of man's faculties, the stars around, with their courses defined through space, being emblematical of the irrevocability of the laws of Nature. Another, is the swirl which adorns the cover of the book, and constantly recurs in varying forms throughout the illustrations. He past infinity and eternity narrowing down to what we know as life, and broadening out again into a future infinity and eternity, is here represented, a bowl in the centre, entwined with vine leaves, again bidding all "Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why." Two beautiful female figures are in one illustration enveloped in the swirl, the eyes of one asking, "Whence?" the other, "Whither?" For a group there is none finer than "Death's Review." In the foreground is a mass indignant at the ignorance in which they remain of what lies beyond the grave, and behind them is a phantom caravan, with Death overshadowing them all. In some the artist has carried the poet's idea farther than was intended, as in the design of the Fates gathering in the stars, where the game is represented as being played not merely with man but with the universe; but in all there can be no question that the artist has thoroughly grasped the spirit of the poem, and that his illustrations, one and all, are admirably mated with the text. The prominent figures or subjects of each design are so beautiful, that at first sight the smaller details are overlooked; but every line will on examination be found to have a meaning—the small lamps from which all flame has ceased, as well as the piles of books, surmounted by Death's head, and other emblems introduced. The notes at the end are an assistance in this respect, but they still leave much to be discovered.

Admirers of the great Turner should be grateful for the very perfect reproduction of the "Vignette Drawings" now being issued by Messrs. Rowney and Co. The originals in the National Gallery are out of the reach of thousands, and the present issue, mounted in mats, with portfolio, is therefore a boon to lovers of Art all over the country. Twenty-four of the choicest of these vignettes have been chosen for reproduction, the first portfolio comprising, amongst others, "The Traitors' Gate at the Tower," "Galileo's Villa by Moonlight," and the equally weird and deserted-looking "St. Herbert's Isle, Derwentwater, by Moonlight," also. Brighter scenes are to be found in the gay assembly at "An English Fair," and the view of "Greenwich Hospital, from the Thames." The chromolithographs, by Mr. M. H. Long, are admirable; the colour and effect of the originals being strictly reproduced. These features, together with the fact that the subjects are examples of the artist's various styles in the height of his fame, should render the work of permanent interest.

Mr. Fred Barnard's happy faculty in illustrating Dickens' works in the true spirit of the great novelist is once more evidenced in "A Series of Character Sketches from Dickens" (Cassell and Co.). There is more refinement and more finished work in these half-dozen sketches than in "The Mrs. Gamp and Bill Sikes Series" from the same artist of a few years ago, but this does not in any way detract from the humour and strength of the scenes.

The "moral" Pecksniff is perhaps the happiest in conception, but the two Wellers are also admirable. The artist's greatest talents are undoubtedly of the humorous type, but there is a sweet seriousness in Little Nell's pretty face, as she sits with her old grandfather resting by the wayside, which cannot fail to charm, and throw into greater relief the realism of such a scene as the "Rogue Rider-hood," for instance.

Part VI. of "Artists at Home" (S. Low and Co.), contains the portraits of five very opposite characters—E. J. Poynter, R.A., T. O. Barlow, R.A., Macbeth and Storey, A.R.A.'s, and Mr. Gladstone. The volume fully sustains the promise of the earlier numbers, the photo engravings are excellent, and the letterpress brief and to the point. The Premier as an artist would be a novelty for which few would be prepared. Luckily, however, the notice appended to his portrait explains that besides being a considerable collector of *bric-à-brac*, Mr. Gladstone has for some nine years been Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy, and that it is as such that his portrait is here introduced. The office is one without duties and without salary, a condition to which Oliver Goldsmith, upon whom the honour was first conferred, humorously referred when he wrote to acquaint his brother of his new dignity. The notes in connection with the office from then to now are as interesting as anything in the volume.

Scarcely a month now elapses without the publication of some fresh contribution to the art-educational books of the day. Amongst these none are more welcome than the Vere Foster series. The art of drawing has been illustrated in all its various forms in twelve preliminary books, and now these are supplemented by a water-colour series. In "Painting for Beginners" (Blackie and Son), Mr. J. Callow initiates the embryo artist into all the mysteries of landscape painting. The first volume is a course in sepia, the scenes produced being in some cases illustrated by as many as three stages, and the directions accompanying them proportionately minute and explicit. The second deals with some fascinating glimpses of Highland loch scenery and notable castles and rocks round our coast. Boys and girls will find the hints for avoiding or preventing mishaps in their work invaluable, and cannot wish for fuller or plainer general instructions.

Mr. J. Needham's "Studies of Trees" (Blackie and Sons) belong to the Vere Foster series also, and in these again the same minute care in leading the student from the simple to the complex is manifest. Instructions in drawing the foliage of the oak, the ash, the elm, the beech, &c., and in colouring the same, are followed by some admirable studies of the trunks of each tree, magnificent specimens of gnarled old beech trunks being reproduced from trees in Burnham Wood. The more picturesque and familiar trees in British scenery, about a dozen in number, are just those which afford bold contrasts to one another in form, colour, and expression, and it is these which have been selected. Each tree, to those who can see it, has a form, profile, expression, and character of its own, and the student is therefore wisely led, not only to see the characteristics of a species, but the individuality of certain trees, in the two small volumes here produced for his guidance.

Those who aspire to the more difficult task of painting in the line which has rendered the name of Rosa Bonheur famous, will find a capital little manual in "Animal Painting" (Cassell and Co.), by Frederic Tayler. A knowledge of drawing from good casts of animals, and especially anatomical casts, is taken for granted, but the directions how to paint the different lights and tones in the varying forms of dogs, horses, cows, sheep, &c., are all serviceable and well considered. Woe be to those, however, who flatter themselves they can paint from these directions, and copy the plates with which the work is illustrated, without careful preliminary training.

A selection of eighteen "Studies from Nature," by W. Müller (Winsor and Newton), follows in the wake of the numerous art handbooks issued by the same firm. Those who wish to emulate Müller's success, or study a clever artist's methods of tree-drawing, will find plenty and varied work in the present reproductions. The copies are clear, and the work is not too minute for bold handling.



MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Of three songs by H. C. Hiller, for which he has written both words and music, "Three Ages" is the most original, and will certainly be the most lasting of the group. "Braggart Gold" comes next in merit, and "Alack-a-Day" is the least noteworthy.—There is a swing and freshness in Kücken's music, whether it be grave or gay, which is evident in "An Eventide Duet," words by Wellington Guernsey; a really charming composition.—A part song which will always meet with an encore is "Beware," the leading theme being taken as a baritone solo. Sung with due significance, this quartet will prove most effective. The melodious and evergreen "Overture to Masaniello" (Auber), has been reproduced arranged for the pianoforte, with an *ad lib.* accompaniment for the flute or violin.—"Gavotte in G" for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by W. A. Jewson, is a work worthy of its composer.—"Minuet and Trio in F," by Carli Zoeller, is a charming little bit of good writing, and far more simple than are the usual productions of his classical and erudite pen.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Two songs which will please cultivated tastes and ears, music by J. T. Musgrave, are respectively, "A Cradle Song," words by Maggie McDonald, and "A Dream of Long Ago," words by M. Powis Hale; the former is for a mezzo-soprano, the latter for a tenor voice.—Part 64, Vol. VIII., of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal* is as excellent as ever, and continues to take a foremost rank in works of its kind. It opens with a beautiful "Adagio," by Otto Dievel, organist of St. Marien Kirche, Berlin.—Next we have a masterly "Fugue on a Hymn Tune Phrase," by W. N. Watson, of Dundee, which is succeeded by a "Gavotte" of the stateliest, albeit very secular type, by Edwin Walker, which somewhat inaptly precedes an "Introductory Voluntary," by Barry M. Gilholy. Next comes an "Andante," by H. Maxfield, and the collection terminates with a fantasia on "In Dulci Jubilo," by J. Matthews. There is surely no lack of variety in this number.

MESSRS. SAMUEL BREWER AND CO.—Two songs, written and composed by Messrs. Edward Oxenford and Franz Abt, are appropriate for tenors with voices of medium compass; they are respectively, "Only For Thee" and "Unspoken Love."—Of an heroic type is "The Sentinel's Last Watch," words by Bernard Morton, music by R. Harvey, for a baritone; this song is suitable for a musical reading.—A very good encore for the above is a merry song, "Tubal Cain," written and composed by A. B. Millington and Talbot Lake.—A series of moderately difficult pieces for the schoolroom, by Michael Watson, under the comprehensive title of "Round the World," are melodious and pleasing. No. 1, "Paris," is a *marche militaire*; No. 2, "Poland," is a merry "Cracovienne"; No. 3, "Munich," is the well-known "Joyful Peasant"; No. 4 is the prettiest of the group—it is called "Neuchatel," a tuneful "Tyrolienne"; No. 5, "Naples," is a *barcarola* with a pleasing swing in it; No. 6, "Vienna," is a popular Ländler.—"Love's Queen" valse, and "Young Friends" galop, both by H. F. Howlett, are very good specimens of dance music tastefully illustrated.



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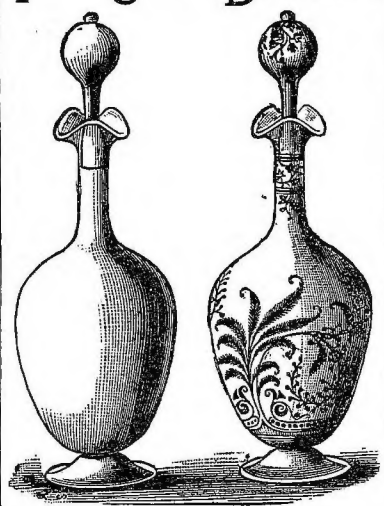
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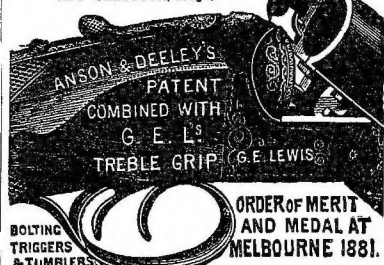
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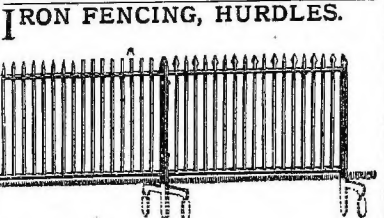


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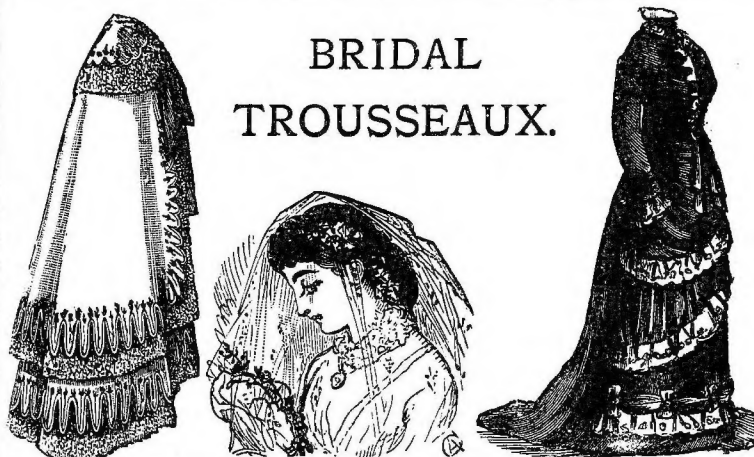
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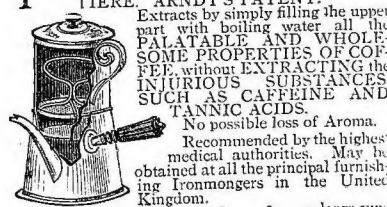
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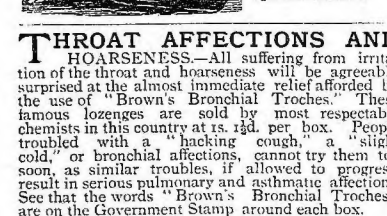


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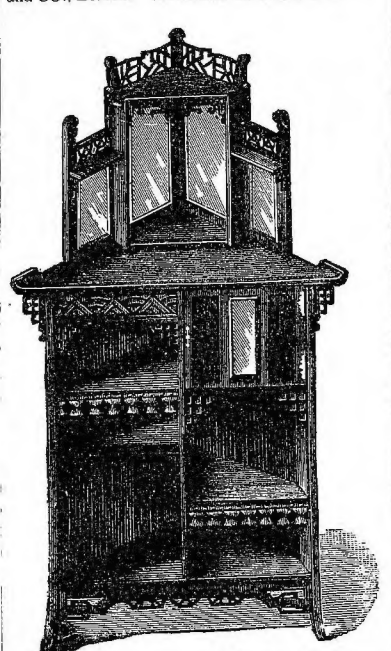
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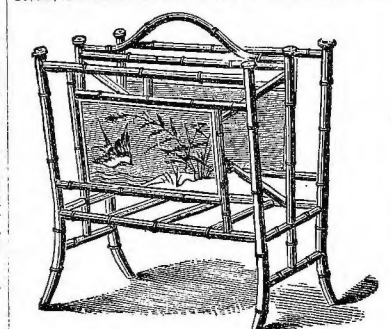
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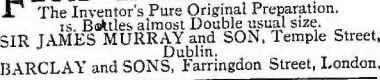
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